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In The Life

Other books by Theodore Isaac Rubin

Jordi

Lisa and David

In The Life



by Theodore Isaac Rubin

The Macmillan Company, New York



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A Composite Case History

Any resemblance between the names of actual persons and the names of characters in this book is purely coincidental.

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To Ellie, Jeffrey, Trudy, and Eugene



Preface

The typical prostitute doesn't exist. While people have symptoms and problems in common, they nevertheless retain personality patterns characteristic of their individual identities.

Jenny is not a frustrated entertainer, a part-time model, a graduate of a charm school, the misunderstood and rebellious daughter of a millionaire, a discontented wife prostituting for a few dollars and excitement, a country girl disillusioned and lost in the big city, a business-minded girl suffering from nymphomania, or a gay, glamorous, sophisticated call girl.

Jenny has always been an inhabitant of the big city. She has never known her father. Her mother was a prostitute. Jenny is a prostitute.

Through Jenny's eyes we learn about Jenny herself, an early treatment relationship, some aspects of a women's prison, and "the life": prostitution.

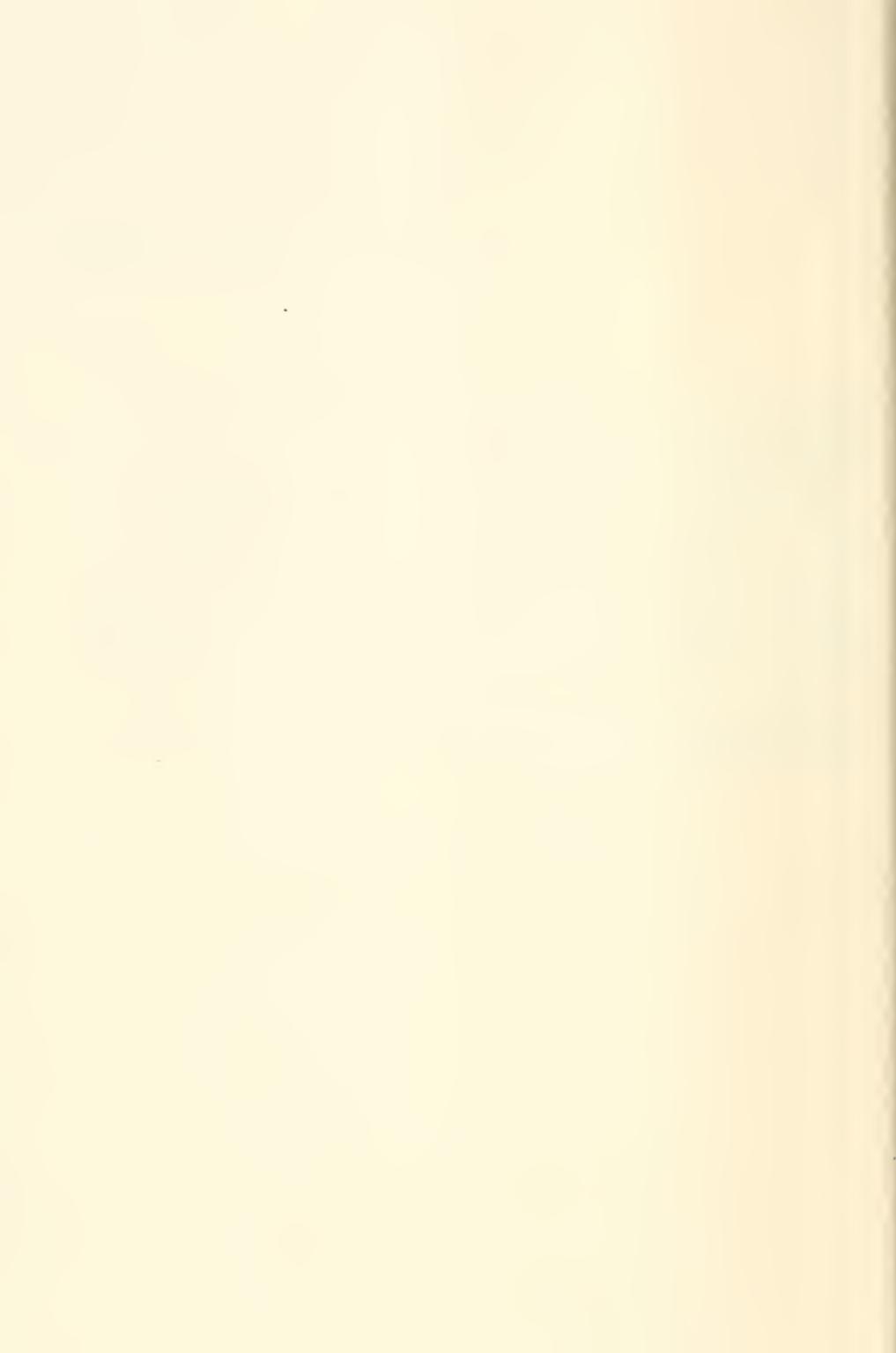
This is not a gentle book. There is nothing gentle, pretty, or nice about "the life."

Introduction

At present Jenny is serving a six-month sentence in a city women's prison, for prostitution.

The book consists of Jenny's verbalizations during sessions with the prison's newly-appointed staff psychiatrist. These are followed by the doctor's informal notes. The sessions vary in length, proportional to Jenny's verbalizations and silences and the doctor's comments during the sessions.

A glossary of terms from "the life" and a glossary of psychiatric terms are appended.



1. *Monday*

“What the hell do you know? Nothing, nothing, nothing that’s what, nothing. So I’m in the can, busted. I’ve done time. I’ve been busted before, so? So that means I got no rights? I got to open up my guts to you? You social workers, psychologists, and all the rest of you squirty, square, professional, pimping, do-gooders!”

“All right, you should pardon me: not psychologist, psychiatrist. Whatever the hell the goddamn difference is—I don’t give a crap! You look scared. Maybe you don’t like my unladylike manners, but that’s what I said: crap, crap! You know, the brown stuff. Shit, man, just plain shit. You had enough of me? Can I go now?”

“What the hell is so goddamn funny? Grin, grin all you want, sure! But why grin? Why grin when you can laugh? Laugh! Laugh your lousy guts out, laugh till your goddamn belly aches!”

“Why would I want to shock you? I never even saw you before. Christ, I couldn’t care less what the hell you think. Look, as far as I care, you could just be another John, that’s all, just another John. You wanted to talk to me so I’m here. In jail there ain’t much choice. Big shot like

you—push your button and your whore for the hour is delivered.”

“Goddamn right I’m angry! I’m pissed off to here, right up to the gills, Jack, right up to here. You think I’m going to kiss your ass like some of these other chicks, you got another think coming. I don’t want no goddamn privileges. All I want is out, out, you hear me? Out!”

“All right, so you’re not part of the correction staff. But you still work for the joint, they pay you, don’t they?”

“To help me! What a laugh. Now pardon me while I get hysterical. The only help I ever got out of this place was to really learn some of the ropes.”

“Okay, okay. Maybe you’re not a screw.”

“Okay. Not a John either. Can I go now?”

“Thursday at ten? You mean you still want to see me?”

“If I want to? Look, Buster, I don’t want a goddamn thing! Nothing, just nothing.”

“You’ll be waiting? Think it over? What’s to think?”

“Choice, schmoice. Can I beat it now?”

“Yeah, so long.”



I do feel shaken. Is she right, am I scared? I don’t think so. Surprised? Yes! That’s it: completely surprised. The other inmates were so placid, cooperative, ingratiating—almost

rubber stamps of one another: psychopathic carbon copies, superficially, that is. But Jenny? Like a firecracker: a full-blown affective display, a solid temper tantrum, and a surprise attack. She has been here for three weeks and this apparently has been her first opportunity to voice her stored-up resentment.

I think I found her, though. This may well be the girl who can teach me a few things. That is, if she returns. Will she? I don't know.

First impressions: looks about her stated age (28). She is tall, thin; then again, not so tall: about five-five or -six, but she looks taller, has a willowy quality; more than that, seductive. Yes, through all of her rage, yelling, etc., she managed to walk in, sit, and walk out of here seductively. This is no mean accomplishment, considering her drab prison dress. Long legs and an obviously well-developed bosom contribute significantly. But it's more than that. Perhaps it's her posture and the way she moves. This is obviously a girl who is always aware of her body and always in charge of it.

Her face: sensuous, also; attractive, but not pretty; nose a bit too long; nice mouth, full lips, and even teeth; dark brown eyes (large, alive); well-defined cheekbones; short brown hair; nice forehead; light, clear skin. All in all, a lively, attractive, warm, (and temporarily angry) face.

Her voice is feminine and completely belies her language: the tough vocabulary and the content of what she says.

She is angry, arrogant, and vindictive. She is angry at me, at this place, and possibly at herself for getting "busted." She is probably also frightened. Sees me as an authority figure as well as a threat to her sanity status. Her arrogance and vindictiveness are probably directly propor-

tional to her fear. If she returns, I suspect they will diminish as she becomes more comfortable. She is no doubt extremely sensitive to the coercion of authority and convention. I must, above all, be careful of acting authoritative, moralistic, and "professional." This place actually affords more freedom, and in general is more pleasant, than many mental hospitals I have been in. However, it is still a prison, and particularly confining to somebody as obviously restless as Jenny. Being incarcerated must be extremely frustrating and anger-producing. It will relieve her considerably if she can continue to displace her anger to me.

How about her toughness: the tough talk, the tough show? She *is* tough and has undoubtedly had a hard life. But "show" is the word. I think that some of the toughness is exhibitionistic—to shock, to hurt, to stimulate—and is mainly used as a defense, perhaps to maintain distance. I think of a brittle inner core surrounded by a show of hardness.

I don't know about her fund of general knowledge, but she seems crafty and bright; probably has a good basic I.Q. She seems earthy, even crude, and her general sophistication is probably limited. However, she undoubtedly knows a good deal about prostitution and about this place, and can teach me much.

She will be here for a maximum of six months minus three weeks (perhaps less, with time off for good behavior). She is extremely restless and her treatment motivation is shaky at best. Her attention span is probably limited. Treatment would most likely take years. I must not start much that can not be finished. At best this will only be the very beginning of a treatment relationship. There is also the disadvantage of treating a literally captive patient.

Goals:

1. try to make her stay here easier
 - a. help her to ventilate and abreact
 - b. be supportive
2. perhaps initiate some interest in getting future help
3. perhaps initiate a little insight with regard to herself
4. perhaps effect a little self-acceptance and improved self-esteem

Am I being too optimistic? I don't even know if she will come back.

If she does return, I've decided to abandon the conventional fifty-minute hour, in view of her restlessness. Our sessions will be twenty minutes long, and we will meet twice a week to maintain continuity. I think this will be easier for her (and perhaps for me, too).

2. *Thursday*

“Okay, so I’m here again. What the hell else could I do? The captain sent me down so I’m here.”

“I’m not apologizing, I’m just telling you how come I’m back. Don’t want you to get crazy ideas—like I wanted to come down here or something. You said ten o’clock, they stuck it on my schedule, and bang! ten A.M. and they send me here.”

“Okay, okay. So twenty minutes a session. What’s the diff anyhow?”

“Yeah, yeah, Monday and Thursday.”

“Yeah, dreams, sure. Only I ain’t dreamed in years.”

“Don’t you want to know anything, any questions? What are we going to do just sit and look at each other?”

“Say whatever comes? Nothing comes, nothing.”

“Smiling? Yeah. Just had a funny thought: haven’t come in years; years and years. Wonder if I ever came?”

“Is that what you want to know, about my sex life, the sex life of a pross? Is that how you professional men get your kicks, listening to hot numbers like me? Well, let me tell you: I’ve been laid a million times—no ten million. I’ve been laid, relaid, and parlayed; screwed, blewed, and tat-

tooed. There's times I made so much jack I didn't know what to do with it. I'd turned so many tricks my cash register kept ringing after I was done."

"What the hell you shaking your head about?"

"Vindictive? Sure, Doc, I know what vindictive means. You guys think everybody in the life is stupid. I haven't been in school much but I picked up the info I needed here and there, wherever I could."

"Oh, I've been in the life all my life. Can't remember not being in the life."

"I don't know when I started. Guess it depends what you call started. Guess in a way I started when I was born. Kind of born into it, you might say."

"How so? Look, I don't feel like talking no more. Can I go without a mark against me?"

"School girl? I'm not talking about school girl marks. 'Good time,' marks against time off. You know, good behavior crud."

"So I talk tough, so what? Can I go or not?"

"Okay, okay. Ten o'clock. I don't know why me, I'm not psycho. But you got a nice place here. I'll be back, what the hell. Better than the rest of this crap house."

"So long."

△

She returned. I have a patient and a teacher. But then, aren't all patients teachers?

She's very proud. She knows very well that coming here isn't mandatory after the first visit, but she had to rationalize: "The captain sent me. . . ." Still frightened that seeing me means being crazy.

Arrogance and vindictiveness continue, but with considerably diminished intensity. She is verbal and perhaps even somewhat motivated; seemed to like the idea of coming here. Again had to rationalize, this being "a nice place," etc. Also had to reassure herself: "not psycho."

She has a sense of humor: "haven't come in years." But she's probably telling the truth, and may very well have a partial frigidity problem.

3. *Monday*

“Why should I come down here, Doc? What good is it going to do me? It’s not as if I’m loony or something. What are you going to do, try to get me out of the life?”

“How about it? How about it? Don’t make me laugh. Look, Doc, I’ll come—mostly cause I’ve got nothing else to do. This is the nicest place in this lousy can. Who knows, maybe you can help me to stay out of here. You know, keep me from getting busted.”

“Leave the life! Look, Doc, don’t make me laugh. What would I do? What could I do? Where would I get my bread from? What would I eat?”

“I know bread don’t cost much. I don’t mean rolls or bagles, I mean bread, dough, bucks, Doc: money, gelt. What would I do, sling hash? Make a fast fifty a week? It would just about pay my rent.”

“Eighties, off Broadway.”

“On and off for years. But always the same neighborhood. Well, almost always—except when I was a kid.”

“Yeah, sure I remember when I was a kid. Like I told you, I’m not for the nut wagon, nothing psycho about me. The noggin is good, so I remember. Gee, Doc, you

know, funny—thinking about it, you know, that I was a kid once. A kid! Seems like a million, at least a million years ago, a million years. But look, what's the score? Of all the chicks here, why me? You think I'm some kind of new nut or something?"

"Everybody in the life has severe problems? Severe?"

"I see. Have a feeling though—look, I'm not being smart alecky—but have the feeling you'll learn more about me than I will about my problems, what's it—oh yeah, severe problems."

"Say, Doc, I'm not so sure about that word, 'dictive,' 'indictive.'"

"Yeah, vindictive. That's it, vindictive."

"Yeah. That's what I thought it meant. Yeah, yeah, I get you. Like lacing in to someone. Like putting on the screws."

"I just thought of something. Thought how you really don't know what goes on here."

"No, I'm not angry. Why should I be angry at you? You're okay. Doc. In my book you're an okay guy. But was just thinking: here you sit holed up; then back to the street; then here again. You really don't ever get around this lousy place. You don't know what goes on on the floors. The lousy screws. You know, the guards. And us, too. I'll tell you something: the real screwballs—the nuts—*those* you don't see. Me, Jane Crowly, Mary Gadoy, I don't know why us, we're okay."

"Don't make me laugh! What help can you give us? Get us out of this hole? You can't help getting out, Doc, except

maybe to the nut house. But if you want to listen, I'll talk. I don't mind."

"Say, I read this here book. The girl lay on a couch. How come you got no couch? Say, I got to laugh: all of us prosses, they don't take a chance and have no couch in this place!"

"Okay, Doc, so long."



Friendlier.

May have a conflict about prostitution, but at present is more interested in keeping out of prison.

She's probably right about me learning more from her than vice versa.

Still concerned about being "a new nut or something."

I'm impressed with: (1) her honesty about not definitely knowing the meaning of the word "vindictive" and her curiosity about it, and (2) a very definite sense of humor.

4. *Thursday*

“Hi.”

“Quiet? Yeah.”

“Just thinking. Well, here you’re a head doctor . . . well . . .”

“Nothing. Well . . .”

“You know something, Doc, I nearly went ape once.”

“Ape, you know: for the nut wagon, psycho, mishuga.”

“Well, some time ago. Must have been sixteen or so. Was just getting hot in the business. Was getting my own stable of steady Johns, you know, real commercial-like. Bang! sudden-like, I nearly hop on the nut train.”

“Well, I began to be afraid.”

“Of getting killed. A train, a car, building crashing down, low-flying planes. For a while got so was even scared sitting in a chair in my room. In my own place!”

“Well, I began to have this crazy dream. Not really a dream . . .”

“Fantasy—I like that.”

“Well, you know a . . . a . . .”

“Yeah, daydream, that’s it, a daydream.”

“I’d see myself laying in a big comfortable bed, all alone, with anything I need right near, and all of me and my bed surrounded by a heavy, bulletproof, crash proof, glass roof. Real safe.”

“Gee, must have gone on for a couple of months. Then, poof! gone. Back off the nut wagon.”

“Kind of nutty, wasn’t it, Doc? I mean being scared and all.”

“It does? Gee, you mean it? You mean other people get scared all of a sudden like that?”

“Gee, figure that!”

“Comes? What do you mean?”

“Oh, about the dream. Nothing, Doc, nothing. Just used to sit and have it, this here what’s it?”

“Fantasy. Yeah, fantasy.”

“Why is it important, Doc?”

“Is it a big deal, Doc? I mean, show I got a real crazy thing or something deep down?”

“Interesting! Funny, Doc. Guess to a guy like you all these here nutty things *are* interesting.”

“Me? I don’t know. . . . Mostly being out of here, that would sure be good and interesting.”

“Say, time to go yet?”

“Well, I’ll stay if you want.”

"Five minutes? Gee, I can't think of nothing more to say. You got any questions, Doc?"

"Okay, next Monday. Don't make me laugh—how can you have a nice weekend in this joint? So long, Doc."



She's okay. More direct, less seductive. Takes a lot of good stuff to tell me about a "mishuga" time in her life. It is also an indication that our relationship must be improving. But *why* does she tell me of this mishuga time? Probably to test, to see if I'm shocked or calm. My calmness or complacency probably indicates acceptance, trustworthiness, and reassurance that she is not crazy.

She apparently suffered an acute anxiety reaction with phobic components. Perhaps she was in conflict about her increasing professionalism. Her fear of attack (by planes, etc.) may have been a projection of her own guilt and self-hate. It is interesting that she defended against her phobia so concretely, that is, with the fantasy of a bulletproof glass roof. The fantasy is also interesting on another level. She surrounds herself with the necessities of life, and is cut off and safe from the rest of the world. This may well be a function of her early insecurity, of her fear of the world she lives in, and of a desire for detachment from people. But, she needs people (the roof is glass so that she can see through and in this way remain connected). The glass and her lying on the bed may also be evidence of an exhibitionistic desire. This is somewhat substantiated by her usual seductive comportment.

The reaction is also an indication that under the rough exterior of bravado, she harbors considerable anxiety. Her spontaneous recovery is indicative of a considerable ability to bounce back.

I did not interpret the fantasy to her. In view of the limited treatment situation we are engaged in, I do not feel that an elucidation would be constructive at this time.

5. *Monday*

“I’ve been deadlocked.”

“They let me come down here but that’s all. That lousy infraction board bitch!”

“The captain, you know, Captain Gates.”

“I couldn’t help myself. I had it up to here. Big god-damn screw! I told her, told her good.”

“Well, she stares at me, gives me the once over. Like saying, who are you? You piece of crap, you . . . well, you know, like you’re nothing. You poor piece of nothing.”

“Yeah, I’ll tell you. So I look at her, right back square at her puss, right in the eye. She says something like, ‘Go on, go on about your detail.’ Some crap like that. And then my mouth starts to talk, like it doesn’t know I’m there behind it. It just starts shooting itself off.”

“What does it say? It . . . yeah, well, I said, ‘Take a look, take a good look. Jealous? Pretty nice, huh? Pretty god-damn nice. Nice big pointed tits, with both buttons on ‘em red, real red—red as your lipstick. And the rest: how do you like these gams?’ and I guess I picked my skirt up. That’s not all I said.”

“What else? I said, ‘And between these legs, you know what I got between ‘em? A cash register. That’s right, a soft, cushy cash register. Not like you,’ I said, ‘not like you: a big, dried-up, flat broad with a dried-up leather slot between your legs.’”

“Then she wacked me.”

“Angry at you? Why you? It’s been getting so I like talking to you. Anyway, guess it’s going to cost me my ‘good time.’ Have to be here the whole lousy six months.”

“Aren’t you going to say anything?”

“You know, maybe I am p’d off. After all, I didn’t ask to come here.”

“I don’t mean to this office. I mean to the can. What the hell they want from us anyway? Christ, if I want to be in the life, what’s it anybody’s business?”

“The law! The law is a phony. Somebody wants it, I sell it. So what the hell does the law want? They want my Johns should pay me with Blue Cross or something?”

“Wrong, right—what is wrong, what is right? I do my work; I turn a trick; they get a good job. I rush ‘em a little, but they get the stuff. You know, speaking of stuff reminds me of junk. Everybody in this cat trap is on junk.”

“Not me. Nothing wrong with it, just never went for the stuff.”

“Yeah, I sniffed a little once. Even skin popped a couple of times, but gave me no kicks.”

“Smoke? Well, that’s different. I turn on now and then when I get a joint.”

"Well, kind of gives me a lift, kind of not caring. Understand, I don't care about anything anyway. But this is like a different kind of not caring. Like lifted and free and drifting and dreaming and important-feeling. Gee, it's time to go. Back to my deadlock! They'll be looking for me."

"So long, Doc."



She has been confined to her cell: "deadlocked."

I'm sure that some of the officers are not the most understanding people. But I'm equally certain that Jenny can be provocative, and decidedly acts out with little or no stimulus.

She evidences poor impulse control, poor frustration tolerance, and quite a temper and tongue. It is interesting how she dissociates her mouth from herself. It is easier to blame her mouth for losing her "good time."

She projects readily and gives much information concerning her feelings about herself. Her poor self-esteem comes through in seeing herself as "a piece of crap," etc. She then describes the characteristics she deems assets and which, for her, are ego-building: her "cash register," legs, breasts, and nipples. She undoubtedly derives considerable narcissistic gratification from her ability to attract men as sexual clients.

Her ability to express anger readily and volubly must help reduce her anxiety to a large degree.

I felt that it was more important to allow her to ventilate than to go into the business of projection. I do feel, how-

ever, that it may be valuable for her to understand this mechanism. I shall go into it when our relationship is strengthened and when an occasion presents itself.

Her attitude toward the law is interesting and so is her pride in her work. She is certainly a rebel. It is also of interest to note how she differentiates between "junk" and marijuana. Undoubtedly uses the latter to curb her anxiety and to enhance her self-esteem. She says, "lifted and free," possibly once again showing a desire for detachment from people, worries, etc. How contrasting this is to her next statement, "Back to my deadlock!"

6. *Thursday*

“I lost it. How do you like that, I lost it!”

“My ‘good time,’ Doc, my ‘good time.’ Got to sit it out: the whole lousy six months. Let’s see how much left. . . . Oh, what’s the diff? The hell with it! But can you imagine? The lousy screws, infraction board bitches! Supposed to be free speech—free speech!”

“Yeah, I knew I’d lose it. I knew it the minute I started shooting my mouth off. But what the hell, deadlocked and all. Should of been enough. No heart, Doc, they got no heart. Like animals, like a dog, they see us. So I got a temper—so is that so bad, Doc, is that so bad?”

“Yeah, I know, Doc. I know it’s prison.”

“I know you know how I feel. I know you dig me.”

“Can’t help it, Doc. But I’m not crying out of sadness, Doc. It’s that I’m so . . . I’m so goddamn sore!”

“Well, they’re such bastards, Doc. So lousy, so lousy; square lousy!”

“What’s the use, Doc? What’s the use of bitching? Never get me out of here, so no use bitching.”

“I feel better, Doc. Yeah, I feel okay. I’m not much for this crying jazz—but they get you mad, Doc, they get you so mad. The way they put you down.”

“Tell me, Doc, can you tell me: keeping me here, what’s it going to change? What, Doc? Nothing. I can tell you, nothing.”

“Laws, yeah, laws. They’re made for squares, Doc. For square judges, square lawyers, square screws, and for all the rest of the chickenshit do-gooders.”

“Just thinking: there I go bitching again. But in a way it feels better—like getting the pus out of a boil.”

“Nothing. Just nothing. Just sitting, feel kind of tired. But kind of better, too. Just feel like sitting and doing nothing.”

“Okay, Doc, see you. Say, I guess you and me keep seeing each other, seeing I got to sit out the six. Take it easy, Doc.”

“Yeah, Doc. Me, too. I’m sorry as hell!”



I’m sorry, very sorry, that she lost the possibility of time off for good behavior. It is a nasty business, her being caged here; especially since she feels that she is innocent of any wrongdoing in the first place. I, too, question the value of incarcerating her.

I’m glad that she could cry and also vent her anger. It relieved her considerably. “Like getting the pus out of a boil”: she certainly has some natural insight.

7. *Monday*

“Boy, it’s cold in here!”

“Oh, hi.”

“Say, Doc, you know, you never told me nothing about you. But I know you’re married, have a couple of kids. Say, Doc, how come no marriage ring?”

“Oh, here, there, some of the kids talking. No offense, Doc, but you know they call you ‘the head-shrinker.’ Gee, Doc, how come no picture on the wall, nothing?”

“Boy, this joint is freezing.”

“Not restless—just got to keep moving to keep warm. You know, you sure could use a better chair. The springs on this one reach up and goose you.”

“Complaints? Sore? Naw, just . . . well, just lonely, Doc. Funny, the joint crowded like sardines. Can hardly—pardon me—take a crap in private; but I sure feel lonely.”

“Before? Yeah, I remember one time: so lonely, so empty thought I’d bust. Funny to bust from being empty.”

“Well, it was between Timmy and George. You know, after Tim went to the pen.”

"Oh, I thought I told you about that. Well, Timmy and me, we made it for about three years. He was okay. Got mean when he was stewed, but okay. Well, then he made the pen—bum check rap. Tried to cop a plea, but no dice. That's when I was busting, out of loneliness. But after three months he passed me on to George."

"Yeah, he wrote to George. You see, they were cousins or something. Well, he wrote George and me, too. Figured be better if I shacked up with George till he came out. But a funny thing happened while he was in the pen: they figured him in a real rap—a stick-up—so he never checked me out of George's. And that's the way it was."

"Oh, long ago, Doc. I must of been eighteen when I was with Timmy. Then twenty-one to twenty-three or so with dirty George."

"Dirty? Well, always had to push him to keep clean. You know something, Doc, Timmy must still be up the big stream."

"Up the river, Doc. Sing Sing. Anyhow, I'm not busting or anything, but that lonely-like feeling, that like empty, a-hole-in-the-chest feeling, I got."

"Say, Doc. . . . Just wondering how old you are, Doc."

"Nothing special, just wondering. Just for the kick of it, just kicks. Believe me, no big deal: you thirty or ninety, same diff to me."

"Just thinking of kicks. That's how I look at the whole setup: you try and get the kicks coming to you and that's that."

"Yeah, kicks, fun, a jolt here, there. What else is there?"

"Well, I don't know, got to think a bit. Well, sometimes a dress, a watch or something. Sometimes with your guy and smoke, Doc—let's not forget smoke, the weed can be a nice kick."

"Course, not everyone gets their kicks straight, though. Remember feeling lousy: broker than a broken glass window. Needed a joint, needed a dress—something. Was expecting a John two, three days. Couldn't wait, no other tricks to make. I rang up Lorraine and she fixes it up for me with this old dame. Real Park Avenue stuff. Now, figure this for kicks: I get into my skin—you know, stripped, not a stitch—and then do these here crazy exercises she tells me. That's what her kicks were: me exercising. And you know something—after fifteen, twenty minutes she says she can't take no more, to beat it. So out I go, twenty-five bucks in the old kick. Leave it to Lorraine to find the twists."

"No, I don't go for the dyke stuff. Tried it a few times, but no soap. They're hard rocks. Me—nothing fancy. Leave it to those other babes who don't care about taking on the dumpers and nuts."

"Dumper, you know: kicks out of beating up on you. Oh, without knowing sometimes I run into 'em, but I beat out fast. Here and there, I had my close ones with nuts."

"All Johns problems? No, I don't see that, Doc. They get their kicks straight. Nothing crazy about that."

"You know, Doc, it's a little warmer in here. Now it's nicer and I got to go already."

"Well, take it easy, Doc. Give my regards to the street!"



She started the session with, "It's cold in here," and then went on to inquire about personal items concerning me.

Sounds as though she's moving closer. Have I been too distant, cold, aloof? Possibly.

Interesting that she accepts her role as a piece of sexual property, to be changed from hand to hand. How alienated from herself she must be!

Jenny certainly met with some diverse pathology in her work.

"Kicks": I wonder to what extent kicks keep her from an awareness of her plight? She displays the typical sociopathic "live for now, kicks," etc., attitude, so prevalent among this institution's population.

8. *Thursday*

“Talk! What’s there to talk about? I’m busted, I’m here, that’s it. Like they say, that’s it, Jack.”

“Mad? I’m not mad, just disgusted. Sick and tired of everything.”

“Nothing. What’s there to think about?”

“My life, my life. I can give it to you in a nutshell. Twenty-eight years old. Yep, the merchandise is twenty-eight years old. Busted four times already. Okay looking, but not great; big boobies though, a good walk. So business is always okay. Well, almost always.”

“Yeah, you know: know how to swing it, make it look good, like something special.”

“I don’t know what you want to hear. Like I said, twenty-eight, part Irish, Italian, Jewish—a regular U.N. My old man . . . seem to remember a guy I once saw, supposed to be my father, but who knows? There was just me and my mother. Lived near Harlem. She was a pross. Lousy one, though. On horse all the time. The last guy, her pusher, he broke me in. Banged me. I must of been thirteen. She didn’t even know, not that she’d of cared. Half the time she was nodding, didn’t know which side

was up. He'd bang me now and then. And then started to get me some business. By the time I was sixteen I had a good thing going."

"My mother? Kicked off. I was fifteen, fifteen and a half. Welfare Island. They said pneumonia. Anyway, Jake moved me in with him. Cheap joint off Times Square. He took all my dough. Half a year later I wised up, moved out, arranged with my Johns. My first place was nice. On 123rd, off Broadway. That's it."

"Fifteen minutes? Great. We'll sit and stare: you at me; me at the wall."

"I'm not angry. Just got nothing more to say."

"A lot happens in twenty-eight years? Sure, but it's the same story over and over again: banging and busted, banging and busted. Four times over."

"Yeah, I had friends. I still have friends."

"Different girls here, there. Like me, all in the life. What you expect, social workers or something? Look, could I go now?"

"Monday? All right. I got no choice so I'll come down."

Δ

She moved slightly closer last time and now moves away, is irritated, restless, not too verbal, and eager to end the session.

In view of her treatment by men (her never-present father, judges, lawyers, authority, society, the "square"

world) I'm sure she would be disdainful of any softer feelings toward me. Yet she cried in my presence, but also made sure to state that crying was unusual.

Her childhood couldn't have been worse. She must have much inherent health to have escaped a full-blown psychosis. Perhaps her psychopathic acting out has helped considerably. Johns may well represent father figures, and it may give her some satisfaction to be contemptuous of them, yet at the same time close to them. Ambivalent feelings on her part? Maybe.

I wonder what Jenny would have been like had her environment been different. She's attractive, energetic, bright, has a sense of humor. Who knows? Is this the beginning of a positive counter-transference? Maybe.

9. *Monday*

“How are you, Doc?”

“Just thinking. Say, you remember we talked about when I was a kid?”

“Well, last night after lights out, couldn’t sleep. Like I saw myself little again, playing jacks. Gee, I was a crack jacks player! I bet I was only six, maybe five. I was a jacks champ. Let me tell you, Doc, I could skate, too. The kids got roller skates one year; my mother got ‘em for me, too.”

“I was just remembering: my mother was riding high, from nothing to everything. Bought me a load of stuff—dresses, things, a scooter. Yeah, a little red scooter. ‘Indian Chief,’ it said on it, with a picture of an Indian. Funny, I forgot all about it. You know, I never went on it.”

“Used to keep it near my bed, polished it clean. But boys went on scooters—I was a girl. But the skates, I put ‘em on and right off I was a good skater, right off the bat, just like that.”

“Yep, guess I was good at some things. But best of all I’m good in you know what, Doc.”

“Embarrassed? Why do you say that, Doc?”

“When I talk about soft feelings? Maybe. Maybe you got something there: soft—that’s a word—soft.”

“What comes to me? Soft . . . soft touch, soft in the head, soft. You know, soft, can’t get it up. Gee, Doc, there’s a problem for you: these poor Johns, can’t get it up. There’s plenty of them, let me tell you.”

“Sympathy? For a John? Not on your life! Look, they’re just customers, that’s all. Just customers, and the ones that can’t get going just take more time. A pain, you know where. Sympathy, hell. Say, you tell me, Doc: you got sympathy, you got feelings for your customers? Say, Doc, you got feelings for me? Do you?”

“Patients, all right. So not customers, patients.”

“Concern, concern. But the feelings, Doc, the feelings?”

“Come on, Doc, stop dodging around.”

“Important to me? I don’t know. But what the hell, Doc, you brought it all up. So what’s the score, Doc, you got ‘em or not?”

“Feelings, Doc, feelings.”

“Yeah? Gee! I’ll be. . . . So you got ‘em!”

“Tell you a secret, I got ‘em, too, you know? Need ‘em like a hole in the head, but I got ‘em.”

“Well, here, there a John. Us prosses shouldn’t feel nothing. But I get some pretty poor buggers, Doc, some awful sad sacks.”

“Just was thinking, Doc. You see me like that: a sad potato, a dumb sucker.”

“Problems, you see me with! Problems! Hell, Doc, I got no problems. I got one, just one: being in this joint, being here. And that’s a problem. But you and me, Doc, nothing to do for it.”

“The future? Referrals, Doc. No more street business, never again, Doc. This here is one problem that’s finished the day I walk out of here. Speaking of out, Doc, is it time to go?”

“No, I’m not hot on leaving. But seems like a long session. Gee, Doc, you really feel for me, I mean me and the others, too? Say, Doc, are you sure about it, you know?”

“Childhood again? You know, it could have been worse. What the hell, I could have been psycho, maybe got shoved into the nut house.”

“Feel? I don’t know . . . nothing, I guess. Nothing.”

“Okay, see you soon.”

△

Jenny can be remarkably expressive and forthright.

There were brighter sides to her childhood, but her mother was obviously inconsistent. Interestingly, Jenny was concerned about her sexual identity (never used the scooter). She derives some esteem from childhood feats.

Feelings, especially feelings of softness, sympathy, and empathy, are embarrassing to her and not assets in her line of work. Despite her attempt at repression, they seem to insist upon making themselves felt.

She is concerned about my feelings for her. Just below the surface bravado and hardness, she is beginning to evidence a need to be liked. She may have a strong compliant trend.

Yes, she's right, "It could have been worse" (depending on one's point of view). Perhaps there were two possibilities for her:

1. psychopathy or sociopathy, leading to prison;
2. psychosis, leading to a mental hospital.

Does this unconscious choice exist more often than we know?

Yet there is health in Jenny. She has feelings, has had anxiety, tears, and probably some conscience, too (compared to some of the other inmates), as well as many assets (I.Q., humor, energy, etc.).

But she is also quite disturbed. Her background necessitated values and a frame of reference which had to turn out grossly distorted in relation to the "square" world.

10. *Thursday*

“Hello. Say, that’s a nice tie, Doc. Always liked knit ties.”

“What else? A million things, Doc, a million things. I like silk things. You know, like these here nylon things to sleep in. Makes me feel good.”

“I don’t know. Soft, warm, nice. I don’t know, just like ‘em, that’s all.”

“Feminine? I don’t get you, Doc. I don’t think there’s any dyke in me.”

“Oh, I see. Okay then, feminine. Yeah, guess so. Makes me feel feminine. Say, Doc, you know how it makes me feel? Even a nice bra or something—like a holiday, that’s it, like Christmas. Like—say, Doc, next week, the holiday, you going to be here?”

“Oh. So no chitchatting for a week.”

“Feel? I don’t know.”

“Say, Doc, why don’t you get some comfortable chairs in this joint? You know, homey it up a bit?”

“Sore? Hell, no.”

"Doc, some of the chicks in here are sure lousy! Wouldn't give you the right time. Just thinking of some of 'em."

"Asked one for a smoke, just a plain butt. Answers me real snippy-like, 'Why don't you buy your own,' she says. What a crumb!"

"Me? Hell, I never turned no one down no how."

"Sure she's got a right. Anyone's got a right to be a louse. And Doc, someone like that *is* a louse. You know, wouldn't be so bad if someone's always lousy. But take this here chick now, Betty something or other. All the time gives me the big hello, nice and all that, and bang! all of a sudden turns on the North Pole act, the big freeze."

"That's right, Doc. It's nice when you can count on someone to be the same all the time."

"You, Doc? Naw, you're okay."

"Hell, Doc, you're entitled to a vacation. You want to be away for a week, like with your family, hell, Doc, you're entitled. Gee, Doc, you going away or something? You know, Florida or something?"

"Just home. Gee, Doc, even that sounds okay."

"Mother? How do you mean?"

"Oh! I could count on the same from her, Doc. I could count on her to be on a jag all the time—you know, 'H.' Sometimes she was . . . well, close-like. Say, maybe you're right. In a way maybe she did blow hot and cold. Like she could fight when the do-gooders popped up."

"Well, you know, these here people from welfare and all. Say, Doc, you ain't been around much. Say, where you been raised most your life?"

"Why? Gee, Doc, you never answer a question straight out like. Always 'why?' 'how do *you* feel?'"

"Yeah, sure I understand. But what the hell's the difference, anyway?"

"Naw, I'm not disgusted. Look, is it okay with you I go now?"

"Ten more minutes? Yeah, but I feel like moving around. No offense, Doc?"

"Thanks. Okay, Doc. Best to the family. And a nice week, Doc, have a good seven."

Δ

Likes soft things (more about feelings).

Must be feeling closer to me. Her associations following my vacation announcement are full of complaints. She cannot verbalize this anger directly, since it would be equal to experiencing closeness to me. So she displaces her irritation to the chair, the "chick" who is a louse (me), her inconsistent mother (probably feels now that we see each other I ought to be available at all times), and finally (unknown to her) shows her disgust and leaves ten minutes early (before I leave her?).

Considering the enormous uncertainties of her background and world, an investment of emotion in anybody must feel like a great foolishness indeed.

11. Thursday

“Hi, Doc! How’d it go?”

“You know, your vacation.”

“Well, Doc, I got to tell you: later, a couple of days, you know, after I saw you—you know, I did feel p’d off at you leaving, Doc. You know, cause you scammed for a week.”

“Well, I think I felt lousy, you know. You gone from this joint for a whole seven, a week, and me stuck here.”

“Good? I don’t get it.”

“Honest with myself? Say, maybe you got something there. Yeah. Say, would you say I was jealous of you?”

“So how do you like that! Me jealous.”

“Say, I had a dream two, three nights ago. Was about you and your wife. No offense, Doc, but she was like . . . well, she hardly had no boobies.”

“Well, she was no doll, Doc. Kind of on the homely side, sloppy. And your kids, Doc, like midgets—faces all dried out and crackly, you know, a bunch of lines in their skin.”

“Nothing else. That’s all I remember.”

“You? Oh yeah, you were there. And you looked red in the face, you know, really p’d off.”

“At your wife and kids, Doc. Like you couldn’t stand ’em. Pretty wacky, what do you think?”

“Angry at ’em, me? Naw. What for? But you know something, Doc, I kind of felt I’d like to be in your shoes, walking out of this rat trap for a week.”

“How about jealousy? I don’t know, how about it?”

“In this joint? You mean before?”

“Well, guess so. But it was different. It was . . . well, my guys, you know—George, Tim. Look, Doc, can’t blame me. We were making it. Sure felt lousy finding out they were stringing other chicks.”

“And how, I was mad! Madder than hell. You know something: Timmy had to get stitches once in his noggin. I broke a soda bottle on him.”

“Give me to George? I don’t get you, Doc. What’s that got to do with it? Hell, it was one of those things. That was different.”

“Well, hell, Doc. I mean, what’s that got to do with Timmy taking presents from other chicks? That’s what got me. I knew he was broke, and in he comes with this new suit. And a ring, can you beat it? A ring! What the hell, that’s the way it was.”

“What do you mean, possessive?”

“Oh, I see. Well, what the hell, Doc. Takes two to tango: he owned me, I owned him.”

“Well, that’s something else, Doc. What the hell, he lived off my Johns just like me. Naw, Doc, that’s different. You know, that was business, never gave me no kicks. So what the hell, my guy had no kick coming from another chick, either.”

“Say, just thinking how your wife feels, you working in a joint like this, chicks like us.”

“There you go: I ask a question, you give me an answer with another question. Hell, Doc, I don’t know. Just asking, wondering, that’s all. Just wondering.”

“About nothing. Just thinking what a square chick, a legit wife thinks, that’s all. Must be the psych in me, the psychiatrist in me, Doc.”

“Well, I was thinking, Doc . . . you think there’s really something in this here dream stuff, you know, these here dreams? Used to believe dreams told the future. Used to believe a lot of things.”

“Well, like telling palm futures and horoscopes. Gee, what crap! Real con merchants. But I went in for the crud a long time. I tell you, up to three, four years ago.”

“Naw, Doc, this ain’t no crud. You know, at first I thought what the hell’s this all about? But you know, Doc, talking like this, it’s kind of nice. And what the hell, Doc, kind of learning something about Jenny, too. You and me, Doc.”

“What? Like maybe I’m jealous? Ah hell, Doc—don’t put me on the spot.”

“Okay, okay. See you Monday, Doc. You’re not sore or nothing?”

“I don’t know, just had the feeling.”

“Me? Hell no! I’m not sore.”

“Okay, Doc. Take it easy.”

Δ

Excellent! She allowed herself to become aware of her anger toward me and also was able to tell me about it. A good bit of self-analysis. She continues to deprecate both my family and myself in her dream.

Bases for her anger:

 envious of my freedom

 possessive of me

 jealous of our closeness (my family)

Interesting that she did not accept a dual standard in relation to Timmy. (Since her Johns are just business, and she has only one “guy,” he should not have several “chicks.”) Also interesting how she separates her sexual life into commercial and noncommercial compartments.

She’s really beginning to get interested in what makes her tick (or am I being “conned”?).

She ends the session seeking reassurance that we are still friends, probably because she expressed anger toward my family and me.

12. *Monday*

“Hi, Doc.”

“I had a dream. I’m not sure, I think I had it before—maybe even a few times. This is the way it goes: it’s raining, but what a rain! You know, like the ocean is coming down. Say, I just thought of something—in this lousy place it don’t matter, rain, sun, it’s like always raining, a dry rain.”

“Oh, was just thinking. Anyway, so in the dream, I’m like on this side of the rain and want to get to the other side and . . . well, Doc, I’m scared.”

“No, not now, in the dream, in the dream! I’m scared. You know, it’s not just a little drizzle, it’s like a ton of water unloading. But I want to get to the other side and you know me—scared, schmared, but I’m going to get there. Then I had a funny thought, you know, while I’m dreaming. I think, ‘Don’t be a jerk, Jenny. Can you swim girl? Can you make like with walking in the water?’ Imagine swimming in the rain! Anyway, I decided to take the plunge. And boy, I walk into it, a regular Niagra Falls. But just then it lets up a little: Niagra stops falling. And then, instead of a ton of water it’s just a rain, a steady, heavy rain, and me in the middle of it. Then I start to

walk. It seems I walked for miles. And all the time I had the feeling—sounds crazy, but I really believed it—that if I walked long enough I'd find it. You know, the hole in the rain. Like I'd walk through that hole and there it would be: the nice, warm sunlight. And I'd be out of it, out of the rain."

"Yeah, then I woke up. I don't know if I ever did find that hole. Hole, that's a laugh! Pardon me, Doc. Look, Doc, I talk free sometimes, you don't mind, do you?"

"I figured you wouldn't care. In your racket I guess you heard everything already."

"Well, hole, snatch. You know, my money machine, that's what I thought of. The cash register."

"Had a funny thought. Maybe you're right to be seeing me—pretty nuts at that. Thought of my own . . . vagina. Christ, I hate that word, vagina. My snatch, hole. I thought of me like coming out of my own snatch. Like I just pictured myself, like I'm turned inside myself, and my own head coming out of my own vagina, you should pardon the word."

"Don't have to be born again to solve my problems. . . . Say, Doc, I like that: born again. But how could I give birth to myself? It was my own head coming out. You know, Doc, this is such a lousy joint! Like I said, it rains all the time here. Only no one know it cause they keep dry."

"Okay, Doc. I'll see you on Thursday. Don't take any wooden nickels, Doc. And give my regards to outside."

Δ

Quite a dream. Does the rain represent her muddled life and the hole a way out, into "the nice, warm sunlight"?

Fascinating association: giving birth to herself. May possibly be evidence of constructiveness.

Have to ask for more associations to rain, sun.

Speculation: swim equals get along in the world (out of "the life").

13. Thursday

“Rain, rain, what comes to me about rain? Well, it makes things grow . . . the rain makes mud, slush, dirt, everything grey. I hate it! Give me the sun, the nice, warm sun. Gee, Doc, I never got to Florida.”

“Yeah, wanted to for years, but never got the chance. Twice I was all set and I got busted.”

“What I’m thinking? Thinking, stinking. Say, Doc, I’m a poet!”

“What I was thinking . . . gee, I don’t remember. Oh yeah, Florida, that was it, Florida. Was thinking, each time I had the money I blew it all on a lawyer and stuff. And wound up in this lousy hole anyway.”

“Money! Look, I made dough. One week five hundred.”

“Look, I wouldn’t kid you: the five hundred, Doc, just one week or ten days. Usually made less, though. Let’s face it, Doc, a hell of a lot less.”

“I don’t know. Never kept real track. Maybe hundred fifty, two, two fifty. Listen, don’t believe the phonies in here. They tell you about hundred dollar tricks and all. Well, it’s a crock. Oh sure, here, there, good connections. But *those* chicks don’t come *here*. With such connections,

don't have to take chances; no vice bulls breathing down your neck. Let me tell you: those lousy, bastard, stinking, lousy screws! Let me tell you: the last guy, the guy that pinched me the time before this pinch, he screwed my box off. Then he pinched me. The dirty, lousy bastard!"

"Naw. Judge would never believe a pross. Then besides, I'd get on this bull's shitlist. He'd never let up on me. I kept my mouth shut. Never even told my shyster; you know, my lawyer."

"Nothing, thinking of nothing."

"Picked him up. Cafeteria on Broadway, the nineties. Up to my place. Only he don't bust me when he gives me the ten-spot. He gives it to me, the ten, and right up to here. The son of a bitch! Then says he's sorry but he got to make the arrest. What a heel!"

"Say, Doc, was just thinking . . . do you think there's a way to spot a bull?"

"I don't think so, either. Okay, I'll see you Monday. Have a nice weekend, Doc."

Δ

Relatively quiet.

Rain equals growth, *and* dirt, greyness, mud. Sun equals Florida, her fantasy ideal.

Perhaps I was too optimistic about the dream. The sun may represent Florida and glory more than leaving the life. I must be wary of my own wish-fulfillment distor-

tions. In the last session she associated rain with prison. The dream may be mainly a function of being imprisoned and of her desire for freedom. Am I being too pessimistic? The self-birth still feels healthy to me.

“Vice bulls”: the police obviously are not always exempt from psychopathy and sadism.

“A way to spot a bull”: how naive! She certainly attempts to simplify and to reduce her problems.

14. *Monday*

“Well, Doc, here I am again. You know something: in a way it’s going to seem funny, you know, when I don’t see you no more. Gee, I could never stand coming back to this joint again. You know, I think I’d rather get hit by a truck.”

“You or someone else outside? Gee, never thought of that. I don’t know.”

“I don’t know how, but this time I’m going to stay out. I just got to. Johns with references from now on, references. They’ll have to have good, damn good ones, too. And a small number of steadies. None of this street stuff, not even if I’m starving. They come by someone I know, pal, or they don’t come. Hey, that’s okay: they don’t come. But Doc, I mean it, Doc, let them pop their nuts with some other chick.”

“Job? Come on, Doc, come off it. I’m not going to sling hash no how. Let me tell you something: the whole thing was figured out the day I was born. I’d be in the life or I’d be a hash slinger. What else was there? I never knew my old man; my old lady was a slob riding horse. The kids where I lived were no Astors or Vanderbilts. But mos of ’em knew where they stood. Not all—some were hungr

more times than me. Yeah, I didn't tell you that, Doc. Hungry, here in the big city, all the stuff in the windows. There's times I'd of given my life for a hamburger. Early memories, Doc, oh I remember 'em. Some ain't so pretty. My old lady was a mess. Maybe that's why 'H' never got to me. You know, when I think about all of it, I did all right. I did good."

"Remembering my old lady. I'd come in, there she'd be, nodding."

"Nodding, you know, floating away on 'H.'"

"Yeah, head up and down; eyes half and half; you know, open, closed."

"You know, Doc, my old lady, not even a good hustler."

"Yeah, kind of feel better. Got a load off my chest."

"Yeah, was just thinking about the square kids where I lived. You know, the kids from regular families. Pretty poor kids, but you know, old man with a job and all that. Drunk now and then, but bringing home the bacon. Gee, they hated me. In school, tramp, all that. Funny, and there I was still cherry. At the beginning, anyway."

"Junior High School—extension, business. You know, I even got a job cleaning this here store, but that was only for a week or so. Then I really got into business, met other chicks in the life. At least I felt like something."

"Yeah, a good friend I had was Lorraine, Lorraine Baker. She's still a buddy of mine. She showed me some of the ropes. You know something: she's never been busted, not once. She's on 'H.' Now figure it out: Lorraine on 'H,' never busted; me, busted four times."

"I don't know. But she always said, 'Look kid, don't take 'em off the street.' But when things get tough, what are you going to do? Lorraine had connections—parties, pictures. She asked me, but would you believe it, Doc, I never turned a trick with some one watching."

"Pictures, you know, French stuff. I saw one with Lorraine the star. She and two guys. She was blowing one and getting pounded by the other. All of fifty bucks for the whole deal. These operators like her, she's got great looks, a real dish. She always gets her horse, so it didn't get to her yet."

"Well, you know, Doc, she never had to kick. No shakes or nothing. So no hard time on her looks. And let me tell you, Doc, she's older—five years older than me. Gee, sometimes I think of being old. I see some of these old bags here. Still hustling. Can you imagine?"

"You know, I just thought of something . . ."

"Well, each time I been busted I had money. Good Johns, too. Didn't have to pick guys on the street."

"Yeah, it's something to think about."

"Yeah, temptation, like can't say no. Funny. Say, Doc, what time is it?"

"Ten minutes over? Well, okay. I got to get to my detail. Kitchen. You see, Doc: slinging hash after all!"

Δ

Still reducing her problems to the one issue: keeping from getting busted (certainly seeking a unique prophy-

laxis). Dreaming of being able to spot the police, of business by referral only, etc. However, this is an important practical issue. Imprisonment is an extreme punishment for Jenny.

Tried to interest her in outside help but she quickly returned to the keep-from-getting-busted theme.

She wouldn't act in pornographic movies. Is this due to some measure of self-esteem or to a desire to retain an elevated station in "the life"?

Important: she had money when she solicited on the street. Therefore, it was not a function of economic desperation. Speculations:

1. Never learned a lesson, from one time to the next, about getting arrested. While this is fairly typical of psychopathy, it just isn't a sufficient explanation.
2. Can't say no; compulsive compliancy.
3. Courts danger, thrills, chances, getting away with it, fooling the cops, acting out situations. If so, this is on a completely unconscious level.
4. Looking for punishment; an unconscious desire to get caught, as the result of a buried but strongly castigating conscience. This stems from guilt and conflict. (In "the life" *vs.* out of "the life"? Possibly.)

Could much of her rebellion be a reaction to a powerful conscience? Too theoretical, too speculative? Perhaps it's a combination of all four. Actually they are all the same.

Her early life has been very harsh. But why does she tell me this now? Is she unconsciously looking for sympathy? If so, is it sympathy to excuse herself for prostituting? Strange that a strong conflict about prostitution should exist, in as much as it is the only life she has ever known. But she has known *about* other kinds of living.

15. *Thursday*

“Hi.”

“No, nothing. I’m not thinking of nothing.”

“Feel? Lousy, Doc, just lousy.”

“Depressed? I guess so, Doc. Dumpy, down in the dumps. I had blues before but not this. This is like . . . just feel . . . like I don’t know, Doc, like it’s no use.”

“Like nothing . . . nothing matters. I didn’t even eat today. I don’t know, I don’t know what’s bugging me, Doc.”

“Just remembered: had a dream. Two nights ago. Woke up feeling lousy, like queasy in my chest, shaky. You know something? If I wasn’t here, I’d of turned on. Boy, I could of used a joint. I’d of gotten rid of the shakes like that, Doc, just like that, in nothing flat. Even now, even now the weed would sure help. Doc, do you think maybe something . . . you could maybe give me something? You know, to kind of give me a lift?”

“Well, maybe a dex or something.”

“You see, Doc, you’re like all of ’em: nice, interested, all the rest of the crap! But when the chips are down, no one home. A lousy little pill you wouldn’t give me. You squares,

always so nice and . . . and . . . tight! Yeah, you sit there, don't give a damn. Like cement—tight like cement! Sure, *you* feel lousy, you take a drink, something. You ever feel lousy? Ever feel like your ass is dragging? A lousy pill, a little lousy pill!"

"Angry at you? Yeah, I'm p'd off. Goddamn right! All this talk, all this crap. But here you can help me, a lousy little dex or something, and no dice. You guys are all alike. Tight, tight; a bunch of tightwads. A bunch of do-gooders. A bunch of louses. Sure, talk, talk. Sure, all this lousy time talking. Well, I'm through talking. The hell with you, Doc! You and all the rest of your lousy bunch."

"Session isn't over? Don't make me laugh. It's over for me for good. Over for good. So long, and good luck, Doc. I'll take care of myself, Doc, like always. I'll take care of Jenny."

"Keep the session open Monday? Keep it open, keep it wide open; but not for me, Buster, not for me. Don't hold your breath, Doc."

△

Temper tantrum. Fine that she can express her anger, but hope I haven't lost her. Why the anger? Should I have given her medication (symbol of affection; still looking for sympathy)? Giving her medication at this time may relieve her anxiety, but it may also block the route to what goes on. Perhaps she's angry at herself, beginning to realize that "getting busted" is her own doing.

The dream—speculate? No. Wait.

16. *Monday*

“Okay. So I’m back. Are you glad? Happy you won?”

“Dream?”

“Oh, that dream, oh, yeah, I remember it.”

“I was just thinking, Doc: after I left—you know, last time—felt better. Kept feeling more and more pissed off and feeling better and better. Then when I went to sleep, just before I popped off I was thinking, ‘Why was I so mad?’ I was still mad. Madder than hell. But like I thought, ‘All over a dex!’ like it didn’t make sense, but I was still mad. You know, I’m mad even now.”

“I don’t know what about.”

“Nothing comes. Well, what I just thought was, leave me alone, just let me be. Like stop pushing, just stop pushing. Like what the hell do you want from me?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know what. But just feel like you’re picking on me. But you know something? The dumpy feeling—gone, just poof! gone.”

“Oh yeah, that nutty dream. It was just a little nothing. I don’t want to make like it was a big deal of a dream, cause it’s just a little nothing.”

“All right, already. I’ll tell you. It was just this: I was in this here cell, but the bars were kind of wide apart. But like I wasn’t in the cell, I was caught between the bars—half way in, half out. And you, Doc, you were tugging me by the hand and by my hair, pulling me out. And something strong was pulling me in. Well, then I woke up, scared and feeling funny in the chest and belly. Gee, Doc, I got to go. No offense, Doc, but my friend—you know, Lorraine—is going to visit me. My only chance of seeing her.”

“Thanks, Doc. Look, you’re not sore?”

“Okay. I’ll see you. So long, Doc. Give my regards to the street.”

“Look, Doc, you’re not sore? I mean, me leaving early like this?”

“Okay, see you.”



Came back! Constructive. She didn’t cater to her pride.

I don’t feel that I won. However, I am relieved that she returned. I felt anxious, but obviously our good relationship and her interest in what goes on brought her back. (Also dependency.)

She seemed quiet, held back. Perhaps getting back at me. Good. Expressing her anger lifted the depression.

Have I, without realizing it, been pushing, preaching the conventional life, job routine, etc.? Must be careful not to moralize.

She is in conflict!

I am impressed with the almost childlike simplicity of her dream. The dream expresses her conflict so concretely. It reminds me of her general primitiveness and simplicity, and also of her earlier encased-in-glass fantasy. There is so little of the usual adult embroidery present.

17. *Thursday*

“Hello, Doc. How you doing?”

“Me? Okay, I guess. You know, I saw Lorraine. Gee, she looked great! Everybody saw her kept looking. It was good to see her. Kind of felt funny, too—she outside, me in. Funny, I thought of that dream again.”

“I thought of the lousy part of it. When I told you last time, I forgot it.”

“It’s that I was stuck, stuck between the bars. Couldn’t move: couldn’t go in and couldn’t go out. And I felt you would tear my hair out, and my arm, too. Funny, couldn’t see who was pulling me in the cell. Maybe nobody, just a big pull.”

“Conflict? What’s that? Wait a minute, does that mean like a war?”

“Yeah. But what are the two sides? I want to be out of here, I’m sure I want out. I don’t want to be in, Christ, no!”

“Yeah, it’s true I keep coming back but it’s not cause I want to.”

“Yeah, that’s true, too. I said it, so it’s true. I really didn’t have to fool with those guys on the street. Hell, Doc, what are you trying to tell me?”

“Want to be punished? For what? I didn’t do any wrong.”

“Conflict in the life, out of the life . . . I can’t buy that. Look, Doc, there’s nothing wrong with being in the life, nothing. Look, some chicks want to give it away; they’re psycho, they need you. Not me, Doc. Balling isn’t that much fun, Doc. It’s a job. For a job I want dough, Doc, money. I do a job I want money. No, I can’t buy it, Doc. No offense, Doc, but no soap. Christ, they give you lousy soap in this joint. Say, you ever notice this whole place has like a smell? When I was a kid I got sick. Thought I had T.B. Was in this kind of hospital. Same lousy smell, like piss—pardon the word, Doc—and soap and sweat all mixed up into one.”

“What do you mean, changing the subject?”

“Don’t want to talk about the conflict? Look, Doc, you said early memories a couple of times so I’m telling you: when I was a kid I got sick, after the measles. Say, time to go yet?”

“Well, I got the measles and it turned to pneumonia, but it didn’t go away. Went to this kid place. Nuns. Strict, but nice, too. Other kids, too. Sick, but had fun.”

“Gee, I don’t know . . . about six, seven or so.”

“Okay. See you. Like you say, next session.”

△

Broached the conflict but she’s elusive.

Smell: is it the smell of “the life”?

My own free association is, “fragile—don’t break.” I think I’d better respect it and go easy.

18. *Monday*

“Some people can sure sling out the hash, Doc!”

“This new chick comes in, bragging about being a fifty dollar girl. Not on the street, she says, naw, not her. Not on your life! Calling only, laid by phone. Appointment, see? Call girl.”

“Strictly in her head, Doc. Strictly from phonyville. Me, I don’t know these wheels—fifty, hundred dollar trick business. The pros I know—and baby I know plenty of ‘em—strictly ‘what the traffic’ll bear.’ Don’t mind a fifty; great, but try and get it—a dumper, sure, but plain straight—one in a hundred. Besides . . . oh, what’s the use of talking?”

“Sure there are tricks like that, that’s what I was going to say. But Doc, they don’t come here. They got drag. They make a contract and beat the rap. But Doc, there’s only a couple and this here babe here is is a pross just like me. Never took less than fifty, what a laugh!”

“You know, Doc, I really can’t kick. I mean, what the hell! You know, there’s a load of girls in here on a pen indef. Imagine spending three years in this lousy place. Speaking of spending, this’ll be the first time I’m busted I’ll come out of this place with some jack.”

“Yeah, I got three hundred bucks. Had two bills and then just before I got busted I had this here crap game.”

“Naw, Doc, I wasn’t shooting crap, nothing like that.”

“Turning tricks, Doc. Lorraine fixed it for me. Up in one of the hotels, a bunch of businessmen. I was down the hall. Every once in a while they get sick of losing their dough, they come down and have a piece. I got twenty bucks a shot. But they weren’t all shooting, Doc. This here one guy, he gives me a fifty—must of been a big winner—doesn’t touch me. Stayed half an hour till another guy banged on the door. Then he squeezes my boobies a little, for luck, he said, and shoves off. I made over a C. Maybe closer to two. Next day I got myself a bunch of stuff—you know, silk things—and for Lorraine, too. Anyhow, when I got busted I had three bills left. And let me tell you, Doc, this time I was wised up. Screw the shysters; I was a three-time loser so I knew they’d throw the book at me anyhow. So that’s the way it was.”

“Feel? Fine, Doc. Wish I could line up a gang of crapshooters every day in the week. Easy dough, real nice. You know, one guy likes the merchandise so much he said he’d look me up. Maybe a steady, who knows? Tough customer, though. Must have some kind of a problem. Anyway, I gave it to him half and half and he came around okay.”

“Half and half? You know, first I ate him, then I finished him off in the cash register.”

“Hell, no. Why should I mind? I like it better straight—nice, fast, finished. But you got to keep up with the times. These guys see these movies, fool with all kinds of girls, so they want some specialties. Then, you see, Doc, a lot of

these Johns are married. Now these square broads won't hardly do nothing, so these Johns come to us for a little special. They don't get it, back to the old girl. You know, the little woman. After all, there it's for free."

"Say, was just remembering. You know, I told you I never did it with anyone looking? Well, I just remembered, it's kind of true and not true. You might say half and half, only a different kind of half and half."

"Well, was long ago, maybe five years, went to this here job. Thought it'd be a quiet line-up, like the crap game, see. Well, it was this here club like, one of these lodges. Well, when I get there, imagine my surprise, there were some straight chicks there. Oh, they been had, but I could tell they were no pros."

"Could just tell, that's all. Anyhow, this guy running the show says, 'Here's fifty bucks, just go along,' he says. I don't know what, but I figure okay, I'll go. Well, you know what happened, Doc? They go in for this here lap-sitting jazz. Yeah, everybody has some drinks. Then this fixer pairs everyone off: a girl on each guy's lap, everyone getting it at the same time. All taking a drink, meanwhile, talking like no one knows everyone is busy knocking off a piece. But you see, Doc, no one can really see cause we're still wearing all our clothes. Funny, kind of could tell when it was over. Here, there a guy gets red and then gets restless to get the chick off his lap. I tell you, Doc, all kinds of crazy things Johns do for kicks. When once I told Lorraine, she said in France they call it a partouzee.* See, I remember the word. These here French, pretty smart on the specialties, I guess. Anyway, she called it a mass lay, you

* Fr., *partouze*.

know, Doc, mass? Means a whole bunch at the same time.”

“Feel? Gee, it’s a long time . . . kind of nutty like, I guess. But look, what the hell, run into nuts now and then. And hell, fifty is fifty. That’s a lot of clams! Had some food and stuff, besides.”

“Naw, I’m not much for drinking. Okay, once in a while, but no big kick.”

“Okay, Doc, you got to go, you got to go. Take it light, Doc.”



Most productive and informative, but lots of resistance. She’s certainly steering clear of any anxiety-producing material. She may also be attempting to entertain in order to elicit affection, admiration, and possibly a sexual response.

19. *Thursday*

“Can you imagine! Imagine the goddamn lousy nerve!”

“Well, here I am talking to this here other chick, you know. We both got the same detail in the hash house. And this here lousy screw pipes up, says I got a too big mouth. She should talk, with her lousy yap. Looks like a goddamn stud to me.”

“So I talk tough. So what do you want? Want to put me through a finishing college or something? Maybe this here what’s the name, this here fancy college for society broads. Come on, Doc, what’s the name?”

“No, not Smith, not Jones, neither.”

“That’s it, Doc, Vassar. Vassar you maybe want me to go to?”

“I didn’t do a damn thing. This dame, this lousy screw sees a nice stacked chick she can’t have, she gets mean.”

“Oh, I don’t know for sure she’s queer or anything. But boy, she sure looks and sounds like it. And then why mad at me? Plenty of gals talking and yelling louder.”

“Cause I’m stacked, Doc! Even with this lousy smock dress you can see I got nice, big, long ones.”

“Knockers, maracas, boobies. Let’s face it, Doc: I got a good shape.”

“I’m not trying to steer you off. Besides who the hell else’d take a lousy job like this, who ain’t queer?”

“Well, that’s true, Doc. There’s some nice ones who look kosher, you know, straight.”

“Ah, come on, Doc. I never said every dame picks on me is queer. But hell, man, I didn’t do anything. Nothing, absolutely, on my word, just zero. I tell you, was just minding my own business, gabbing away like everyone else.”

“Naw, Doc, I admit, sometimes I’m in the wrong.”

“Yeah, I got to laugh: in here I’m in the right. But what the hell, Doc, why does she make like I’m garbage. Just because she’s got a uniform she’s better than me?”

“Don’t like prostitutes? Hey, I never thought of that. But what’s she got against us? Besides, Doc, all of us standing there are in the life. Let’s face it, everyone here is in business, so why me?”

“I think it’s these, Doc. These big boobies of mine. Jealous, that’s what I think. She’s just plain a little bit jealous. She’s got a lot of body but not these two.”

“Showing off to you?”

“Gee, I didn’t know I was lifting ’em. I’m sorry, Doc, honest.”

“Okay, okay, so I don’t have to apologize.”

“What’s to understand? Everything’s a big deal!”

"Showing off? Well, I like to look good. What the hell, Doc. I know what I got and don't got."

"Okay, Doc. Easy does it. And Doc, tell the street, 'The best from the show-off!'"



Bragging about her body. Seductive: held her breasts up with her hands. Can't say I wasn't impressed. Her breasts are certainly a source of narcissistic gratification to her. Would like to get her associations to breasts: a source of milk, strength?

Projecting her own fear of or desire for homosexual contact? No substantial evidence!

Thought about going into projection here. She dodged the issue and perhaps just as well.

20. *Monday*

“Here I am, Doc, Jenny the show-off. And take a look: got 'em strapped flat.”

“Calling attention another way now? How do you like that! Tell you, with you, Doc, can't win.”

“I know we're on the same side. Hell, Doc, something eating you? I mean, you feeling bitchy or something?”

“Me? Hell, no! There you go turning things again. Look, Doc, I figure you call me a show-off, so I fix it not to show off.”

“I know I don't have to please you. Can be myself and all that. Well, it's just . . . ah, forget it.”

“Well, it's just you kind of like a . . . well, well a friend . . . yeah, you kind of like a friend to like you.”

“You do, Doc? I mean, honest?”

“Yeah, I understand.”

“Yeah.”

“I get it, Doc, I get it.”

“Say, Doc, that's a long spiel.”

"Yeah, yeah, I got you: you like me regardless of my boobies in or out, I can be like I want to be. And I figure if I want to make a square like you, like a friend, kind of like me, I figure, 'Got to not show off.' But say, Doc, it was you said I was showing off."

"Okay, okay, I get you, Doc, I get you. You mean, you say I show off but you're not telling me to cut it out."

"There! I told you, I dig you."

"Well sure, I count on the looks to be liked. But hell, Doc, what else? You know a priest ain't going to like me, my boobies bouncing and all, and a John, he goes for the bouncies. Hell, let's get off this kick, Doc."

"Hey, you know, was thinking, though: with George and Timmy . . ."

"Well, with them the liking was different. Say, Doc, is that how you like me? Like . . . well, like Lorraine, you know, friends like?"

"Gee, I don't know, just makes me feel good."

"Friends? Naw, not in this joint. Friends of mine too smart for this dump."

"Ah, the kids here are okay, but what the hell. Boy, I'd like to hit the street. Not that I don't like you, Doc. I really do."

"How you doing, Doc? So quiet."

"Worried you were sore? Yeah, I guess so."

"But hell, Doc, I get mad. I mean I'm not afraid of getting mad."

“Well, I don’t know. Well, I guess I like you to like me.”

“Being liked? I guess so. I guess I like it that way. You know, being a good egg.”

“Yeah, liked, I guess.”

“Strain? Naw. Turn on a few nice words here, there, people like you.”

“Well, with you, Doc, maybe . . . well, Doc, you really know me. I mean . . . ah, forget it.”

“You really mean it, Doc? I mean, you figure . . . I mean, you like me?”

“Gee, Doc, you know something: I believe you, Doc. I believe you.”

“Still easier to believe, when I like myself more? Hell, I like Jenny, Doc.”

“Well, hell, Doc, I am a dope getting busted and winding up in here. Even I got to admit it.”

“Okay, pal. See you, Doc.”



Went into the need to be liked and the compulsive attempt to please and comply in order to be liked. She understood, but still had to be reassured that I like her. Her compliant trend would, of course, take years to analyze out, but this would probably be necessary in order to cut off her rebellious acting out.

Interesting: “Turn on a few nice words here, there,

people like you." A sociopathic type of manipulativeness.

I believe she has considerable self-contempt and therefore is genuinely surprised that I or anybody else can really like her.

Called me "pal."

21. *Thursday*

“God, will I ever be glad to leave this lousy place!”

“Sure is a beaut, ain’t it?”

“Walked into a door. You know, those iron doors are rough, boy!”

“No, I’m not being funny, Doc. You want the truth? This here lousy, goddamn stud clobbered me.”

“Stud, Doc. You know, a stud: a dyke here, with a stable of chicks. I got into a hassle with one of her babes and bang! out of the blue she comes over and wacks me. The dirty, lousy he-bitch! Why don’t she pick on someone her size?”

“No, the officer never saw. And I’d be dead-o daddy-o if I ever told ’em. The lousy finks! I wouldn’t tell ’em no how. But I got to admit I’d like to see that lousy stud get hers.”

“Say, Doc, you’d never say nothing, would you?”

“That’s what I thought. I figured you for a right guy. Besides, like confession and all that crap.”

“Yeah, big all right. You must of seen her—great big muscled broad with tattoos on both arms. She makes most guys look like pansies.”

"She's here for assault, but she's been in the can a hundred times—possession, you know, hypo stuff, forgery, the works."

"Naw, she won't bother me. She showed her chick she's a good husband. Keep my mouth from yakking and she'll lay off, the louse!"

"Nothing, Doc. Can't think of nothing."

"Say, does the eye look real bad?"

"Outside I'd be in the soup with it. Well, you know how it is: the law sees a chick with a shiner figures she's up to something. Bull figures maybe in the life. Next thing trails her around. Then maybe bang! busted."

"No, to me it never happened. But I learned it in the circuits."

"The circuits, you know, the houses. There I learned. Look like everyone else, nothing special, no bruises on the face, don't bring no cop home. Besides, a banged-up face ain't good for business."

"Here, New York, Doc. Eighties, off Amsterdam. Not like in my old lady's time. Little setups, two, three girls and a madam. Stay a week or two, then switch to another joint."

"Long ago, Doc. But they're still there. Hell, I know a dozen girls in the houses."

"I stayed a couple of months. I don't know, maybe six months or so. But I didn't like the split and the orders. They're okay, but . . . I like to be by my lonesome. The other dolls got in my hair. Understand, Doc, they liked

me. They always used to tell Johns, 'I got Jenny here. She's a very good worker. And has some figure, too.' Mostly talking about the boobies, Doc."

"Breasts? Nothing comes. Just boobies, Doc, and thank God for 'em. They keep me in folding money. Tight dress, high but loose bra, and I'm off to the races."

"All kinds of ways. Christ, I've hustled every and which way. Like you guys, Doc: good training, extra internships. Gee, I been in houses, the street, out of bars, even carhops. But the best is like a doctor, Doc, one guy sends another guy, you know."

"Yeah, referrals."

"Say, Doc, you know, I was almost legit once—sort of half legit, Doc. It was the time I worked for the rub club. Only a week though. No dough, so I shoved off. But I got me a couple of Johns out of it."

"Rub club? You seen these here dance halls."

"No, no, Doc. They're not all of 'em rub joints. There's some downtown. A guy buys tickets, a load of 'em. Then they dry run you. You know, it's not dancing no how. It's a standing up trick, without putting it in. The poor jerks have to pay and pay before they pop. I used to feel sorry for 'em and give 'em a good rub."

"Sure, Doc, the manager hired us for it. Christ, Doc, you sure ain't been around."

"Yeah, Doc, take care. And give my own to outside."

Δ

Quite a black eye!

Listening and learning. This is a rough place. I'm sure there are a great many homosexual relationships here.

Much goes on in this city that is unlisted by the chamber of commerce and not found in any ordinary directory. Jenny is an expert guide for a "square" tourist like me.

22. *Monday*

“How are you, Doc?”

“Naw, don’t hurt. How’s it look?”

“Good. Be all gone, couple of days. On the street an eye like this could sure louse up business.”

“Yeah, speaking of business, was thinking about it. The first time I was busted.”

“Well, when I got out things were slow, couldn’t rustle up a thing. Was down to nothing, maybe ten bucks—and that was a handout.”

“Oh, a friend gave it to me, don’t remember who.”

“Naw, sometimes pay back. But hell, Doc, no one wants it back. Me, I’ve kicked in a couple of bucks here, there, one of the kids needed a handout. What the hell, I never got it back, who wants it? But I’ll tell you something: I wouldn’t go giving handouts to Johns.”

“No, no, I don’t mean money. Hell, I’ve given guys a buck here, there.”

“Yeah, sure, right on the street. You know, some poor slob comes over, what the hell, I’m flush, I give ‘em a buck or two.”

"Alkies, no alkies, what the hell? Guy wants to get plastered, that's his kick."

"Johns? Oh yeah. I meant I don't put out, they don't pay on the line. This is one thing I don't go making a present of. Business is business."

"I don't know, money is different. Turning tricks is business. Go giving it away, I'd wind up behind the eight ball. What the hell, work is work. Just like you, everyone: I work, I want to get paid. And let me tell you, they get their money's worth. Regardless what they pay, they do okay. I give a good ride. Don't make mistakes, I don't go hanging around. Finish 'em off and go for more."

"No rush. Just that no John goes for free. Hang around, he's going for free. Hell with that stuff. Like I said, business is business."

"Oh yeah, after I came out of this lousy place the first time. So, like I said, was really on the rocks. I figured, what the hell, I'd try car-hops. So I made out not so bad. Before long I was on my feet again."

"Car-hops, yeah, over in Brooklyn. One, two A.M. Cars stop for a light, you know, just one guy, just the driver. Go over, proposition him, then a quickie in the car. Trouble is can't get much—just a couple of bucks at the most. It's pretty lousy, but what the hell, I was down and out."

"Brooklyn? I don't know. It's just that car-hopping is a Brooklyn thing. That's the way it is, that's all."

"Hell no, I got connections. No more of that garbage for me. Hell, Lorraine could always give me a hand. I mean, what the hell, Doc, that was . . . well, like an emergency, you might say. I mean look at me, Doc. I'm not no glam-

our puss but not a car-hopper, that's for sure. What the hell, Doc, I can always do okay out of bars and all. Of course, got to be careful, that's almost like the street, you know. Some of these joints got a rep. Next thing the vice bulls start hanging around. But what the hell, like I said, the merchandise is good, I got a great frame, my boobies are maybe the . . . Jesus, listen to me bragging, Doc, but it's true."

"Bragging? Now and then, I guess. But Doc, I'm not snowing you. I know my face isn't the greatest, and my talking and all, not class, I know. But a shape I got. And I know the ropes. So no time at all I'll have me a line of steadies."

"The hell with that. A guy, yeah, but no Big Daddy for me. Sure, sure it's nice and all, having someone care for you. Timmy was okay, but George—take George: me, just part of a stable. Now screw that, Doc."

"Oh, I want a man—but a man just for me."

"No, not a square. I don't care if he operates. But no other chicks, Doc. Me, just me."

"Operates, Doc, you know, book-making or something. If he's legit, that's okay, too."

"Me, gamble? Naw. Oh, a couple of bucks on a nag. You know, a tip now, then. Maybe a half on a number. But that's about all."

"Right, Doc. So long."

△

Still reporting, and keeping out of emotion-laden areas.

Generous with money, but sex is business, and business is business.

Car-hopping seems to be the lowest rung of the social ladder.

Wants her own man. She apparently has "square" aspirations in this area. Not allowing herself to be part of a pimp's squad, like so many of the girls here, may well be evidence of some measure of self-esteem and constructiveness.

23. *Thursday*

“Okay, I guess. Say, how does the shiner look?”

“Good. Couple of days, be gone.”

“Say, was thinking. You know, the other day was talking to one of the kids about the fat man.”

“Well, this here John, a great big fat guy, and Doc, I mean *fat!* He comes around and makes me this here deal. When I first saw him I thought, some kind of screwball, maybe a dumper or something. But I knew he was okay.”

“Well, was Lorraine who sent him. So I knew he was kosher. Well, let me tell you, Doc, this guy was all business. You know, he laid out what he wanted like you rent a store or something.”

“Yeah. Well, he wanted to bring up a bunch of food. He’d do the cooking and all, and he’d have a piece whenever he got the urge. And all the time, Doc, we should just go around in our skins. You know, no clothes.”

“Oh, I didn’t tell you—for a week, Doc. When I had a free week. He’d call every day to find out, and then we’d have this here week of balling and eating. But wait, let me tell you. Like I said, this guy was all business. So he says, since he’d feed me for the week he’d pay me rent of

only twenty bucks for the week, but five bucks for each trick. I said ten, he said five. After a while we settled for seven-fifty.”

“Sure I did it. What the hell. Why not?”

“The only thing I worried about was his cooking. But you know something? He was a good cook. And Christ, man, could he eat! But, wait, let me tell you. Before we make it a deal, this guy—mind you, all business—says he’s got to look me over but he’d pay three dollars to look. So we go up to my place, I take it off, and he looks. Didn’t touch, just said turn around, this way, that, and kept looking. Know what he said, Doc?”

“He says, ‘Thin. I like ’em heavier,’ but that the boobies were good, he’d buy. Then he left and kept calling every day till we made it.”

“Kind of crazy, Doc, walking around naked all week. Eating, balling. This guy, the fat man, Doc, all the time nice. Speaks better than any John, you know, soft, and five-dollar words. Speaking of money, he tacks this here chart on the wall and checks off each piece he knocks off. But all the time like business, Doc. Well, it wasn’t bad for me. Not the greatest, but what the hell—knocked in over a hundred and a half all told. At least didn’t have to hustle around.”

“Yeah. Maybe hundred sixty, seventy. This guy was fat-like, but he could really ball. He was hungry for more than eats, Doc. Oh yeah, let me tell you: in between the eating and the making it he’d just sit there reading these here *Times* newspapers and a book he bought. Then look at me and bang again. Fat as a house, Doc, but boy, he could really move.”

“Naw. Never saw him again. When he leaves, he kind of makes a little speech, saying that I was okay and all, but not to expect him back cause he got this thing.”

“He likes women with legs like piano stools. Like, you know, big, heavy. Tell you, Doc, there’s all kinds in this world.”

“What’s to feel? Like I say, there’s all kinds. They pay me, so great.”

“Yeah, can’t seem to sit still. Say, how much time we got?”

“Mind I shove off, Doc?”

“I don’t know. Just feel like shooting the breeze before my hash detail.”

“Yeah, Doc. Take it slow. Say, you’re not sore, me leaving a little early?”

“You’re a right guy, Doc.”



For the fat man, sex was even more of a commodity than for Jenny. This must have been a very detached person. To many people sexual activity has little to do with human relating and is hardly a symbol of love or emotional exchange at all. To this man sex is sex, like eating or any other vegetative function; seems to be completely divorced from intercourse on a social or relating level. The gamut of human aberrations is vast indeed!

She was eager to leave, and still concerned about me being “sore,” liking her.

24. *Monday*

"You know, Doc, you should pardon me, but you and me, Doc, we're not so different."

"Human, I like that, Doc. And it's true, it's true. We sure are all human. Me, Doc, like me, I got no prejudice. Take the coloreds, Doc, the black girls—they're okay, Doc, the best. Never give me a hard time. And the Spanish, okay, too. Nice bunch. Keep to themselves a bit, but me, I don't mind. You know, even the screws, or good English I'll say 'officers,' 'correction officers'—what a laugh, correction!—even them, the black ones are nice. Maybe like you would say, Doc, like they didn't forget, like they remember everyone is still a human."

"Quiet, yeah, just thinking."

"Oh, everything, nothing, you know how it is. In five minutes a million crazy things go through your head. Oh yeah, like I was saying—you and me, Doc, you and me not so different. You make people feel better, and me, too. I believe 'em too. Don't kid yourself, Doc. After they see me they feel relieved. I got to laugh. I believe them of a couple bucks, too. But don't kid yourself, Doc. Some of them would go nuts without me."

"Well, I don't mean without me—there's always some chick around—but without us. You know, I think of this

one guy. Could sure use you. But comes to me twice a week like clockwork for the last year or so. This guy can't wait to shove it in and get it over. I figure this guy for a real psycho. Me, he, we don't undress, nothing. Comes in shaking, like some of the chicks here coming off horse. Gives me a five-spot, unzips his pants, it's already big and stiff. I sit on it, bang! it's over and he's a little less nervous. Never says a word, just puts it back and walks out. Must be a real psycho. You know something: I talked a couple of times but he never answered. Just comes for his treatment, like I said, Doc. An M.D. they ought to put, an M.D. next to my name! Boy, I can tell you a thing or two about some of these guys!"

"Doc, with me it's strictly a buck. Some guy gets some relief, I get my dough. If you think I get my kicks, forget it. A John is a John, and a buck is a buck."

"Well, not always five. Christ, I got as much as seventy-five, but only once. You know, Doc, like you guys, what the traffic will bear. Let me tell you, Doc, there's some Johns it's just another piece, and some got to have it and got to have me. Those, they'll pay almost anything."

"Guilty! What about? A buck is a buck. And I get 'em, all the bucks I can."

"You mean with the money?"

"Clothes, things. Always something. You know, I once saved up fifteen hundred. Thought about a car. Can't drive, but thought about it. But gave the dough to Harry."

"Harry? Well, someday I'll tell you about Harry."

"Naw, not now. Not in the mood."

“Quiet, yeah. Say, isn’t it time to go yet?”

“Five more minutes?”

“Well, I guess it’s time now. See you, Doc.”



She implies that sexual continence leads to insanity, a common misconception.

This makes Jenny a doctor. Is she moving closer again; or, by putting me in her league, viewing me with contempt; or both?

There are some very sick people among the Johns, but they need more than Jenny to cure them. I must admit, though, she probably helps them, on a symptomatic level.

Tried to steer her to deeper ground—guilt—but she became quiet, restless, and glad to leave.

25. *Thursday*

“Boy, Doc! What a case of the GI’s! I been in and out of the crapper ten times already. Must of been slipped a mickey or something.”

“Naw, Doc. I don’t really believe it. Just kidding around. Believe stuff like that and you’re liable to wind up in the nut house. Once I was here there was this chick . . .”

“I don’t remember—the first time or the second, must of been the second.”

“Yeah, was my second time busted. Anyhow, this here chick, a young kid, first she gets real quiet, like in her own world. Hardly talks to no one. The next thing she starts talking to this one, that one, that someone is trying to knock her off. You know, slip her a powder or something.”

“Hated herself? Naw, Doc, she thought whoever wanted to poison her maybe hated her. She wasn’t knocking herself off, you see.”

“Oh, I get it. I dig you, Doc. What’s that word?”

“Projecting. Projecting. Say, that’s a real fancy one: projecting.”

"Yeah, yeah, like she had this here feeling and gets to think someone else has it instead of her."

"Me? You think so, Doc?"

"Oh, I get it. The bitching about this place and all. But gee, Doc, I never think anyone is out to knock me off or anything."

"Degrees, yeah, yeah. I understand."

"All of us? You, too, Doc?"

"Okay, okay. Scared there for a bit. But hell, Doc, I know I'm not nuts."

"Oh yeah, this here kid. Like I was saying, so bang! they ship her to Bellevue, you know, the psycho building. Then bang! she goes to the nut house, the real one where they don't let you out so quick."

"Oh, hell, everyone knew. Let's face it, Doc, chicks leaving all the time for Bellevue. But this here was the only one with this here powder routine."

"Powder, powder, poison. Powder in her stew or something."

"Quiet? Yeah, was just thinking. To tell you the truth, well, you know, when you first called me down here? Well, you know, head-shrinker and all that—no offense, Doc—anyway, was kind of scared, maybe send me to the psycho place or something."

"Scared, so I made with being angry? Gee, I don't know, Doc. I remember being p'd off. Like what for, why me? I mean, like am I a special nut or something? Say, maybe I was mad from being scared."

“Projecting? How, Doc?”

“Hey, yeah. Yeah. Maybe, Doc. Yeah, I get it. I was scared, so I said you looked scared. Hey, ain’t that something, me projecting like that!”

“Sure I dig it, Doc. Then I was scared you’d see me like I was a nut because I wound up in here.”

“Hey, not bad for a kid without education. Okay, Doc, huh?”

“Well, take it easy, Doc.”

“Yeah, I’ll be here. No chance me taking off on a trip or something. No Miami Beach or nothing this week. Take it slow, Doc.”

Δ

Explained and discussed projection. Splendid opportunity: relationship good, example good (someone else, so she could be objective). She understood, gave me her own example, and also verified that one of her original fears of seeing me was that of being crazy. Perhaps one day she will project less and take more real responsibility for her life, emotions, actions, etc. Too optimistic?

She feels as if she’s crazy getting “busted.” Being arrested is obviously a great blow to her pride. I recall her saying proudly that none of her friends are here.

26. *Monday*

“Hear the news, Doc?”

“One less chick for this lousy joint. This here poor cookie kicked the bucket last night.”

“She was kicking and bang! went into shock, they said, and cashed in, never pulled out.”

“Grapevine, Doc. Stuff gets around this place fast. Especially when someone hits the big sleep.”

“There you go with the feeling bit again. Hell, how should I feel? Too bad, that’s all, too bad. Young chick, so too bad. But glad it ain’t me, Doc, I got too much living to do.”

“How? How? That’s a funny question. Living, buying things, Doc. Maybe Florida, get me a guy, a right guy.”

“Well, one who’ll love me, Doc. Gee, I’d treat him right. I’d get him plenty. Maybe even a car.”

“I had guys: Timmy, George, a couple of others, too. But I got tired, Doc. Got tired being part of a stable, want a guy all for me. I’d work for him, Doc. I’d turn plenty of tricks for him, Doc.”

"Gee, Doc. Imagine me crying this way. Me! Can't remember the time. . . . Must be going psycho, crazy. Here a chick croaks, and me feeling sorry for myself. But enough of this crap, Doc. You got a tissue or something?"

"Yeah, but not like this, Doc."

"I don't know. Kind of feel that empty-like, that lonely, crapped-up feeling."

"You know something? Maybe that chick is better off checked out, out of everything."

"Yeah, living to do! What the hell, who am I kidding?"

"I don't know, Doc, I don't know. Guess this place is getting to me. Gee, could I use some pot, would sure be handy. Look, Doc, how about a dex or something?"

"Okay, okay, I get it, I get it. No dice is still no dice."

"Out of the life, out of the life! Doc, you know, there's nothing else, Doc. There's no place for me. What the hell, Doc, sure I can see a square life, family stuff. But who's kidding who, Doc?"

"Treatment when I leave? I don't know, Doc. I kind of like these talks, but when I leave this joint I don't know. Then I got things to do, plenty."

"Oh, Lorraine, tricks, Johns, you know, Doc, buying and selling. Gee, I don't know why I feel so lousy. That dead kid. I never even met her. I think of her stone cold, and I feel lousy."

"Her, me? Naw, Doc, no 'H' for me."

"Empty life? I don't know. Empty, full. I'll tell you. Doc, got to live *now*. Who knows, the big blast come'll knock us all off."

"Unhappy with now? Sure. But look, Doc, at least I'm no crock."

"You know. Lots of these legit married broads screw around anyway. And let me tell you, Doc, I'd be a lot better to a man than those babes. They're prossing just like me, Doc, only with one guy instead of a hundred."

"Feel? A little better. Say, I better go. They're showing some movie or something, want us all to see."

"Take care of yourself, Doc."

"So long."

Δ

An unfortunate death and her identification with the dead girl sparked her hopelessness, depression, emptiness, and inner deadness. Projecting to "legit broads," and talking of her fantasy (finding a love partner) resulted in her feeling better.

"Live now": the *modus operandi* of this institution's population. Tried to point out that "now" is seldom very satisfactory for her. Suggesting the possibility of future help apparently generates restlessness.

27. *Thursday*

“The other day you were asking me about Harry.”

“So all right, I’ll tell you about Harry.”

“I just gave up George—you know, he was my guy. It was the last time I was busted. Must of been four, four and a half years ago. All the time I was in the clink I thought about him—George. About how it would be when I got out. He came and saw me a couple of times. Then I’d wave at him from the window, too. Gee, it was like feeding on a dream. But it like made things easier while I was here, all right. Maybe that’s my trouble now, no George. But the hell with him. When I got out he wasn’t even there. And the way I took care of that louse, the stuff I bought him. Oh, he came around to see me after, when I was all set up again. Gave me a big song and dance. It was a lot of crap, though. I already found out he was tied up with two other chicks. But here I wanted to tell you about Harry, I don’t know why I’m talking about George.”

“Yeah, I’m thinking. Thinking of what a sap I was. Well, after George I thought, screw ‘em all. I’d show ‘em. I’d save up money. I’d get Johns by the boat load and I’d save my money. I’d treat me better than that

louse ever did. I couldn't drive, still can't, but I'd learn. I'd get a car, drive around. Someday drive to Miami. Then a while later I met Harry. All this time, see, I was saving. You know, saving money ain't easy. There's always something, always a dress, shoes, the rent. Then for a month there I had to go to the dentist. And once five bills for a scrape job. Can you imagine, a pro like me! But it happened, I got knocked up. But with all my trouble, I still saved about fifteen hundred."

"Oh yeah, Harry. So it was one of these nice cold days. You know, the air dry and cold, but a nice, warm sun. I was looking for something to buy—I don't know, shoes, coat, something. Kind of needed a lift. Just getting out in the sun, looking for something to buy made me feel good.

"Well, this guy comes along and makes a pass. Let me tell you, Doc, in real clothes I look okay. Matter of fact, quite a stack, you know? I'm thin, but kind of curvy and have nice high boobies. And I know how to walk. I look okay, nothing like now, like in these lousy rags. I got good taste. Honest, Doc."

"You believe me? Okay. It's just some of you squares—no offense—but some of you straight characters think gals like me dress only loud and cheap. I used to, Doc, but no more. Get a better paying John this way. Like I told you, I learned the ropes. Anyway, along comes this sharp looking guy, dressed real snazzy like. Now understand, I wasn't out for business. Besides, I had a pretty good build-up of Johns, anyway. But I figure, what the hell, no more George to be faithful to. And I wasn't so pissed off about socializing anymore. Remember it was about six months I was through with George already. So

I figure, what the hell, give it a whirl, have some fun. Well, that's how it began with Harry.

"First I didn't tell him—don't misunderstand, I didn't lie or anything like that. You know, I didn't act like no virgin or nothing like that. But I just played it cool-like. And you know something, it was fun. Gee, he took me to some nice places. We had a lot of fun. After two, three weeks we balled. It was real nice. I didn't feel no rockets to the moon or nothing, it wasn't like I came or anything, like with George. But it was nice."

"How? Well, it was. . . . Gee, you won't think I'm silly, now?"

"Well, it was like the way he kissed me all over. Like a comfort kind of thing he got out of me. He loved my boobies and sort of snuggled in 'em. Don't know why, but it made me feel good. Here this sharp looking guy, talked nice and all, a well-to-do guy, a manufacturer of sweaters and things. And he was like . . . well, a little bit like a baby."

"Yeah, maybe that's it. Never thought of it like that before. Motherly. Motherly. But it's crazy, he banged me just like all the rest. Let's face it, Doc, you just don't go banging your mother."

"Gee, it went fast, Doc. See you next session."



Sounds as though Jenny liked the mother role.

She also enjoyed some rather conventional activities.

Perhaps Harry was not as important as I anticipated. She starts to talk about him, but switches to George. Is it possible that she cannot relate to somebody out of "the life" on other than a John or semi-John level?

Was her turning down George a function of strength, pride, or both?

28. *Monday*

“How you doing, Doc?”

“You know, I was thinking some more about Harry. Well, one night he tells me he’s married, a family man. Like it’s a sensational surprise, or something. Hell, I figured it right along. But, I don’t know, something in me pushed me and I told him about me in the life.”

“Oh no, I didn’t stop turning tricks. He was nice and all that, but there was still only little old me to feed my mouth. Well, he must of figured it cause he wasn’t surprised. And then he made this here proposition: I would be his private chick, he’d pay the bills plus, and no more outside tricks. I don’t know, the whole thing kind of appealed to me. So I thought I’d give it a whirl.”

“Well, at first it worked out okay.”

“No, no Johns. Even changed my address. But that was only for six weeks or so. You see, I started to get lonely. I only saw Harry once, twice a week. Oh, I had enough money and all, and all the time I never touched my fifteen hundred. I went to the beauty parlor, saw a friend here, there. Saw every movie in New York. But gee, I was lonely. I think I smoked more pot those six

weeks than ever before or after. But it didn't help. So I began with a John or two here and there."

"No, Doc. Sex had nothing to do with it."

"No, it wasn't company, either. It's just that I had to have something to do, that's all. Well natch, I didn't tell Harry."

"Afraid? No, he wouldn't find out. Anyway the old register was ringing up sales again. And you know, I felt better. Like I still had a business to fall back on, just in case. Well, let me tell you, that 'in case' happened. Harry and me, we had a nice life after I started hustling again. I stopped being lonely and everything was okay, I thought.

"Well, let me tell you: one night Harry comes over on a Wednesday. So already I know something isn't kosher. Then I see he's all up in the air like. Like he keeps moving around, real down in the mouth. Then he tells me: something in business is all loused up."

"I never asked him. Sweater making or something. Always gave me plenty, went to good places, so I figure he's loaded. Anyway, you know me and my mouth—it forgets I'm there and starts popping itself off. Would fifteen hundred help, I ask him. He says he can't take it from me, this, that. But my yapper keeps doing a big sales pitch. You know, like I'm selling the Brooklyn Bridge or the Book of Knowledge or something. So natch Harry buys and I give him my fifteen hundred clams. Imagine, smart cookie like me! But Harry was okay, a right guy. You know, all the time I knew him, never yelled, nothing. Never belted me, not once."

“Oh, was just thinking. Figuring how much more time I got. First, I count off every hour, every day. Then I try to not pay attention. And when I can’t stand the lousy joint, I figure out the time and give myself a surprise.”

“Oh, never saw him again. Waited, but no Harry. I was took.”

“No, I wasn’t sore. What the hell, was me that made the sales pitch.”

“Nothing else comes.”

“Well, I’ll see you, Doc. Take it easy.”

Δ

Harry: psychopathic, dependent, who knows? I think she wanted to be “conned.” Perhaps she’s afraid of realizing her Florida fantasy. Safer to keep it on a fantasy level. As a fantasy it can continue to be useful. She can go on having something for which to strive. Probably knows, on a deeper level, that if she ever got there, she would be badly disillusioned.

Note: She needs money and prostitutes for it. Yet, money means so little to her. Is it the earning of it that enhances her self-prestige? But the Johns are more than that.

Speculations:

1. “hustling” is a means of earning money for actual use;
2. she finds gratification in knowing she can earn money;

3. she finds gratification in feeling attractive;
4. as stated in earlier notes, men arouse her contempt and dependency, etc.;
5. "hustling" is a way of life, a central interest, her way of being active and feeling alive. No other way of coping with her boredom and emptiness.

I can certainly ruminate. Psychiatric meanderings. But she actually gives ample evidence to support my ruminations.

She mentioned the time left. There isn't much of it.

29. *Thursday*

“Hi, Doc.”

“Yeah, quiet. Nothing to say, I guess.”

“There you go with that ‘angry’ kick again.”

“Say, I been thinking of this projection bit.”

“Well, I think you got something there. But hell, Doc, even *you* got to admit this joint is strictly from lousyville.”

“Lousyville. You know, lousy, N.G., no good.”

“You know, sometimes I think this whole burg stinks. Maybe someday I’ll blow this town. Just take off, disappear, never come back.”

“I don’t know. New places. Kind of scary, you know how it is. Don’t know no one, new Johns and all. Not like I can’t make it. Just walk in the right places. The first five, six, and then get a rep and I’m doing okay.”

“I don’t know. Maybe Lorraine or someone come along. I’d go. Who knows? Maybe Chicago, or Texas, someplace. Say, one of these days I’m going to make the beach, you know, Florida. But no tricks, see. Just for fun, just to have me a ball.”

"I don't know. Got to get the jack together. Want to go in style."

"Oh, was just thinking. Who knows, maybe meet me a guy. You know, my own old man."

"Not old, Doc. That's just a way of talking."

"Yeah, I mean a guy for myself. A real guy."

"Well, tall, good-looking. Kind of a Clark Gable guy. Should know the ropes, not a square. Sort of . . . well, half legit. And loving me, Doc. And dough, plenty of it. Who knows, Doc? Could happen, if I ever get there."

"To Miami, Doc."

"Well, just have the feeling that there it could happen. That everything . . . well, you know, that I'd be—well, like different there. You know, it's warm there and all. And rich. A guy would go for me. Boy, things would look up."

"Well, I don't know. Maybe settle someplace. Gee, maybe right there. Maybe in one of those hotels. The beach every day. And maybe no more tricks, Doc, who knows? Maybe no more Johns."

"Don't get going on that kick, Doc. I ain't finished yet with Johns."

"Well, let's face it, Doc. Everyone wants to retire some-day. You know, get tired."

"Lonely? Naw, not with the right guy, Doc."

"Well, that was different, with Harry. What the hell, Harry had a wife. He was . . . well, not a John, but like a half and half John. But Miami's another story, Doc. Hell,

Doc, how could I be lonely having a Clark Gable guy loving me all day?"

"Work? Yeah, Doc. He'd call on the phone. Make a big deal here, there, and would say, 'Sorry, Jenny, but had to clinch that deal. Now I can be with you all the rest of the day.' Say, Doc, all this pipe dreaming—now don't figure me for nuts, Doc. Just doing a bit of what's that there word?"

"Yeah, fantasy. Fantasying."

"Fantasizing. Fantasizing. Nice word, yeah. But what the hell, Doc. Here I am in this lousy joint. And Doc, maybe bitching is like this here projection, but hell, Doc, even *you* got to admit this joint is for the birds. And Doc, I just ain't a bird."

"Was just thinking: be nice to turn on. You know, some pot, Doc, the weed. Say, ain't it time to go?"

"Take a little more time? Okay with me. All right if I tell 'em in the kitchen you kept me?"

"Yeah, I figured better go. You see, Doc, this joint just ain't like being outside."

"Yeah, see you in a couple of days."

Δ

Understands projection. Also, that complaints about this place are largely a projecting, or more accurately, a displacing device. But, she is not aware what it is that she is projecting: namely, self-hate.

How dependent she is, frightened of leaving familiar territory. But then, I don't feel she really wants to go, anyway.

Love: the ideal love-partner equals the comprehensive solution to all of her problems. She is no different in this respect from most compliant, dependent people, who feel that "the right lover" (all-perfect, all-giving, etc.) will produce heaven on earth. This probably applies to many of the inmates here. Just below the surface bravado, expansiveness, detachment, and seeming independence there is considerable morbid dependency and the constant quest for the perfect love-partner. Note the devotion, absorption, and fantasy life concerning the "Sweet Daddy" each is involved with at any one time.

Have to ask her more about "the weed."

30. *Monday*

“Hi.”

“I got there on time.”

“You know, to my detail.”

“Pot?”

“Turning on? What can I tell you, Doc?”

“Feels? Gee, I don’t know. Like I don’t have the words, Doc.”

“Gee, I don’t know.”

“Well, in my own words, like nothing matters, everything is nice and easy. Don’t have to wait for nothing. Whatever I want, got it, got it now. Like I can move the clock. No waiting. And me, I’m like . . . well, like I got my Clark Gable in Florida. Things are like . . . well, real sharp and sometimes soft and kind of cloudy. Well, Doc, it’s like I’m someone. And I got it all by the tail. You see, I just press the buttons, whatever I want happens.”

“No, no, I’m not out of this world. I’m in it, all right. I dig it all. But like I’m in it, but . . . well, on top of it, Doc. I mean, not caring and all, everything so easy. The smoking making me nice and easy. Like anything I want, getting it right there, right there. And if I don’t get it, no

matter. Like don't give a damn. Like I'm okay, Jack, so the hell with all of you."

"No, not sore. Just like . . . like I got it made. So go to hell, because I just don't care. Well, anyhow, that's the best I can explain it. Say, you ought to try it sometime, Doc."

"You think I explained it good?"

"Say, thanks, Doc. Thanks for the compliment."

"Well, pardon me, Doc, but you ever get on, do it with a chick? I mean, with your wife, Doc?"

"Yeah, kind of nice doing it with a crowd. Everyone feeling good, everyone looking so good. Even George used to turn into like Clark Gable. Boy, the weed would sure straighten this joint out. Say, you know, they were once peddling junk here?"

"Yeah, in here, in the can. Least that's what I heard. Someone with a connection in here had a regular feed line going. But no pot. Say, did I ever tell you, this guy wanted me to peddle the weed for him?"

"Yeah, almost five years ago. But I turned him down. What the hell, thought of this joint, spending two, three years, I'd sure go off my rocker. Boy, Doc, then I'd really need you!"

"Oh, here, there. There's always someone to turn you on. Besides, there's a couple of places can always count on for buying it."

"Naw. Different prices, but not much. You don't need anything like the loot you need for herin. You know, horse."

"Her-o-in. I got it, heroin. Say, Doc, finish with you I'll really know English."

"Oh, couple of drags and on. You know, riding. Of course, Doc, the stuff counts."

"Well, instead of the McCoy, sometimes you get nothing but plain straw."

"Hell, Doc, I never got into trouble with it. What the hell, pretty easy to hide a stick."

"Naw, Doc, might be on, but never got into any tangle. Hell, Doc, you got the idea all squares got."

"It's not like 'H,' Doc. No nodding or nothing. No big habit to keep up. And hell, Doc, there's no shakes with kicking or anything like that."

"What's the matter with dreaming a bit, Doc? Nothing wrong with it. Gee, Doc, give it a shake, don't be so square."

"Say, was just thinking of the first time I smoked."

"No, I mean really smoked, you know, a Camel. Gee, I must of been about eight or so. My old lady nearly blew her top."

"No, no. Not sore, Doc, laughing! There I was choking, and she nearly busted from laughing."

"Feel? Hell, I don't know. Nothing, I guess."

"Say, Doc, you think I'll ever make it?"

"You know, Miami."

"I don't know. But Doc, I sure hope so."

"Yeah, take it slow, Doc."

Marijuana: what about it? Time and Jenny are not friends. Waiting is very difficult for most of the people here. Marijuana apparently creates a timeless time—time over which Jenny is the master. Under the drug's influence, she gets what she wants when she wants it, which is *now*. It helps her to actualize her fantasies, that is, to almost feel them concretely. It doesn't destroy her ability to test reality, but she can switch from relatively realistic to dream-like illusions.

Indulgence in the drug may largely be motivated by anxiety, against which it affords temporary relief. It also mitigates depression and emptiness. "Don't give a damn," "I'm okay, Jack": I think she is largely describing how the smoke deadens her conscience, makes her free of a castigating, unconscious conscience. Perhaps smokers (and more and more, I'm beginning to believe, most offenders) suffer from a terribly castigating conscience. The drug not only deadens it (frontal lobes?) but the act of taking marijuana is, in itself, illegal and thus a rebellious act of defiance.

Interesting that smoking is often a group affair. Do the participants need each other for strength in rebelling and in "letting go"? Perhaps they also incorporate each other into their fantasies.

The stuff obviously gives temporary enhancement to a much crippled self-esteem.

31. *Thursday*

“Hi, Doc.”

“You p’d off at something?”

“I don’t know. You just look mad.”

“Me? No, I’m not sore.”

“Say, Miss Tyler was just telling me about this high school equivalent business. You know, go to classes, get your high school diploma from this joint. Great place to graduate from! Boy, if they’d let me skip a couple of weeks for it, you know, like kids skip classes, I’d study my butt off. Anything to get out of this joint.”

“Hell, no. What the hell good would it do me? What am I going to do, go to college or something? You know, I met an educated hustler here, there. Got the same dough and the same Johns and—you should pardon me, Doc—the same ‘up the poop’ like us dumb babes.”

“Sore? No, but . . . I told you about me and school?”

“Well, I hated it. Just like most squares, Doc. How many times you think you get a fair shake? The judge, the shysters, the bulls, everyone. The screws. What kind

of a fair shake? School, the same. I remember the teachers, the kids. I hated it. It was lousy, Doc, lousy."

"I don't remember. But it was stinko."

"You? You're okay."

"Well, I was thinking of you. Trying to see me out of the life. But I'm not sore or anything, Doc."

"Was just thinking: preachers. Preachers also give me a pain. You know, they got preachers here. Not bad eggs, but me, I never bought this here religion stuff. You know, these here sisters, nuns, Doc . . . they were okay. Strict but fair. You see, Doc, with them, I remember—you know, Doc, in that there kid hospital—anyhow, I remember with them I was a kid just like everyone there. All kids and no preacher. They were women preachers like, but no preaching. They had their prayers and things, but hell, that's not bad."

"Well, with the teachers I was special. They never said it but they knew and the way they talked I knew they knew my mother was in the life and all."

"Ah, don't apologize, Doc. I know you're not preaching or nothing like that. You know, Doc, I had a funny picture in my mind last night. What was the word you said, can't think of it."

"Nuts, I just got to think of it. You know, Doc. The word for daydreaming."

"That's it, Doc. Fantasy. Well, in this here fantasy I see you going home to your wife and kids. And I wonder what it's like. It seems nice—like warm and friendly—everybody sitting down and eating, family style."

"There you go with that conflict stuff again. Look, Doc, just because I had this here . . . this fantasy. . . . Listen, I could never dig it, Doc."

"This here family stuff'd give me a jolt, Doc. Free and loose, on my own, in my own racket. The heck with this kid stuff. Besides, I like to eat when I like to eat, and I don't like to cook neither. Say, is it time, Doc? Is the time up?"

"Just about? Okay, see you."



Irritated. Feels I'm preaching, but I'm not. Is she projecting her conflict?

She poses as a wild bird, free and clear, but obviously is envious of certain aspects of the "square" life, such as the family constellation.

She's a terribly lonely girl.

32. *Monday*

“That screw, that lousy goddamn stinking bitch of a screw! ‘Go to your doctor,’ she says, ‘maybe do you some good.’ The bastard! Screw bastard!”

“Goddamn right I’m pissed off! None of her lousy business, the bitch. You know, Doc, it’s the same louse who slapped me that time.”

“Yeah, the stinking bitch!”

“Screw ’em, screw ’em all. Screw all the lousy screws.”

“Nothing. Thinking nothing, just nothing.”

“Say, you could sure use a haircut, Doc. You know, lower your ears a bit.”

“No, just tired. Just tired.”

“Tired of sitting. Even here. Just tired of sitting. God, would I like to take a walk! Just walk and walk. One end of the city to the other. I’d walk over the bridge to New Jersey. All the time I’d breathe nice and deep, get all the nice, clean, cold air deep in here, into my guts. Gee, I get out of here, I’m going to walk. I’m going to walk. I’m going to go into the park and just walk all around it.”

"No, hardly ever took a walk. Looking for Johns, yeah, but walking just like this, you know, for the hell of it—no. Taxis all over, always taxis."

"Hell, no. No bus for me."

"I don't know. But what the hell, I could always get a couple of bucks. I mean, what the hell—why should I go into any lousy bus. A taxi, you know, sit back, tell the guy where to go. Besides, nice talking to the driver."

"Yeah, always liked to talk to people. Kind of feels good. You know, sometimes I get kind of lonely. I take a cab, any place, just so I can talk up and back with the hackie a bit."

"Lonely? Yeah, sometimes, like I said. Ah hell, Doc, lonely, shmonely. What you trying to do, Doc? Next thing I'll be pitying myself or something."

"What's the matter with a little pity? I don't know. But crap, this here soft stuff, the hell with it. Look, Doc, enough of this crap. Don't bug me, Doc, don't bug me huh?"

"Just thinking."

"Just . . . can see me walking and walking. Like on green grass. Just walking and walking. Yeah, you know something? Just thought: Cha Cha and me running in the park, all over the park."

"Cha Cha? My dog, Doc. She was my dog."

"Quiet? Yeah, just thinking."

"Well, just thinking: never did. Never took her to the park, not even once. Hell, I was hardly in the park myself. Maybe once, twice in all these years."

“Is it time to shove off yet, Doc?”

“Mind if I do? Just can’t sit no more.”

“You’re not sore, Doc?”

“You know, me leaving.”

“You’re okay, Doc. See you.”



Irritated, restless, feeling hemmed in, and probably thinking of getting out. But she keeps away from mentioning the time left to serve. Is she afraid to leave? Possibly, in as much as she probably doubts her ability to stay out.

Taxi equals status symbol. Talking to the driver: how lonely she is!

Green grass, park, walking: my own association is, “back to nature, fresh, clean.” Is this what she wants, or is this a projection of what I want for her?

33. *Thursday*

“Hi Doc.”

“Yeah. Just had me a laugh. Helen Aretti, you know, she used to sew before she got in the life. So she was saying, always piecework. When she worked in this here dress shop and in the life, always the same: getting paid by the piece. You know, piecework. Piecework, got to laugh!”

“Yeah. Just kind of breaks me up. You know, Doc. I never know what’ll give me a tickle.”

“Well, these here TV comics and all. Sometimes I just sit there, other kids here busting their sides from laughing, and me, to me sounds like nothing, just a lot of corn. Then Helen or someone makes with this here piecework crack and bang! cracks me up all over.”

“Sense of humor? Yeah. Kind of hard to have a laugh in the can.”

“The can, the can, this joint, Doc.”

“Thinking? I don’t know. Sit here, do nothing, crazy things pop into your head.”

“Well, all of a sudden thinking what it’d be like having a sister or even a brother or someone like that.”

"There you go with this here 'feel' bit. Hell, Doc, feel? I feel nothing. Just wondering, that's all. Just wondering."

"Wondering how it would be like, well, you know, having someone like yourself around. Well, hell, you know, like family. Man don't get me wrong, Doc. Lorraine and all, okay. But sometimes, figure . . . Oh screw it, Doc. A little thing pops into my bean and you make a big spread about it."

"Feel, feel. I just don't, that's all. Feel nothing, nothing!"

"Soft, shmoft. The hell with this. Let me tell you about something else, Doc."

"Say, you know, I used to go in for this here horoscope stuff. What a lot of crap!"

"Well, used to buy the paper. Really went for it for a while. I even went to this here gypsy, went in for this palming crap. But the whole thing's a crock, I can tell you that."

"Yeah, con, one big con job. You know, these here gypsies are gyps. Hell, they don't believe that stuff themselves."

"There you go putting yourself in it, Doc. I never said you were running a con job. Say, you know, some of these here gypsies run a hand job."

"Yeah, couple of places. These here stores up near Harlem."

"Hand? Yeah, for a buck they give a guy a hand job, and I don't mean reading a palm, Doc."

“Yeah. Under the table, guy pops off and that’s it. They don’t go in for regular prossing. Tell you, Doc, they’d also steal the eye out of your head if you give ’em a chance.”

“No, not me, Doc. Never stole nothing from me. But hell, everyone knows that the gypsies are good dips.”

“Yeah, that’s something. There are none in here.”

“Yeah. Dips, but no gypsies. Plenty of dips. Shoplifting, too.”

“Me? Hell no. I got troubles enough. What the hell I want that for? I never go in for rolling, Doc. Other babes want to roll guys, okay with me, but not me, Doc.”

“Hell, not that I’d mind. What the hell, a sucker is a sucker—take ’em. Everyone takes everyone. But hell, Doc, rolling ’em is no way to get steadies. And if there’s a chance of making a John a steady, you know, a regular customer, I don’t want to louse it up. Besides, a John blows the whistle on you, you don’t stand a chance in this town. Judge throw the book at you. Say Doc, how do I look?”

“Well, I mean, I don’t look too fat?”

“I weighed myself. Can you imagine—gained eight pounds!”

“Well, the grub isn’t that bad. But it ain’t the meals, it’s the goddamn sandwiches.”

“Yeah. You know, at night. They give you sandwiches if you want ’em. And me, I always want ’em. Tell you, I’m not even hungry but just keep eating.”

"Hey, yeah. From nothing to do. That's just like I feel. Like some kicks or something. I'd stop eating, but this lousy place I keep on stuffing myself."

"Say, I got to laugh. You know this here babe, you know, this here chick, this 'call girl' chick I told you about: plain pross just like us all. That making with the big time talk and all! Anyhow, you know, all this crap—fifty dollar tricks only and all that—well, anyhow, she tells us, can't stand these here black girls and the Spanish. Spicks, she calls 'em. Tells us all her Johns are white. White and big shots. So this here new kid comes in, she knows this here jerk, this here Dolores. So she tells us —now dig this—Dolores all the time got a Sweet Daddy black as the ace of spades."

"Me? Hell, me, a John is a John. But only the whites dig me. Others don't. Just not their type, I guess."

"Dolores? I don't hate her. She's just nuts, that's all. All this here putting on the dog, being what she ain't."

"Me? Like Popeye says, Doc, 'I am what I am.' "

"Yeah, Doc. See you."

Δ

Lonely. Would like a family. And frightened of the desire and of feeling soft feelings. She knows they are only obstructions in "the life."

Why aren't there any gypsies in here? Or Chinese? Or many Jews? Strong family ties? Maybe.

She can be a pretty good businesswoman: practical. But

I think her conscience is closer to the surface than she is aware. With her upbringing and “the life” values, it’s small wonder that she can’t admit she would feel guilty if she robbed a client. This would mean softness and anxiety. Here are two unconscious conflicting “shoulds”: shouldn’t rob *vs.* should rob (not be soft). She chooses not to rob and rationalizes away the “should rob” with the practical truth that this is no way to get steadies. This is a natural offshoot of her other conflict: in “the life” *vs.* out of “the life.”

34. *Monday*

“Hello, Doc.”

“Nothing. Just been figuring. You know, daydreaming. Sometimes I’m here and like not here all at one time. I’m here and I’m picturing outside, like from A.M. to P.M.—no, from one A.M to the next A.M.—outside.”

“Yeah, a day. My day. Gee, I just had a funny thought.”

“Well I thought, my day in the butcher shop.”

“What comes? Butcher, butcher shop, meat. Yeah, that’s a laugh. Guess I’m the meat. Ten dollars a chop.”

“Feel okay. I don’t mind selling it. Any time, any time at all, Doc.”

“I’m not sore. Just this place, this here lousy place. Must be going stir nuts already.”

“My day? Yeah, well, I get up late. Not like here—the louses wake you, it’s still dark outside. I get up, I take a cab and go eat. Then I maybe look at stores. Then maybe a John, or I go find a John. A couple of bars, the street. A John sends a John. Then maybe me, Lorraine, couple of other chicks maybe turn on, hit the sack.”

“Monotonous?”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah, yeah. I get it, I get it. Like nothing, like so much nothing. So what’s better about this joint? Or a square life, or anything? I mean, what is there, anyhow? You want I should go in for parties, circuses or something?”

“Circuses, you know, a bunch eating it, whatnot, all at once. You know, an audience, a regular movie.”

“Well, you think like my life ain’t exciting.”

“All right, so routine. So that’s my routine, that’s the way it goes, that’s it.”

“Just thinking: give me the life any time. Screw the squares; straight crap, screw it. Not for me. Bunch of saps, goddamn dopes. Work every day, factory or something. Not on your back but standing all day, some belt or something.”

“No, and I ain’t about to. No belt factory for me. Ditch it. I’ll make my pack between my legs, and they’re nice legs, too.”

“Just thinking. I’ll save my jack. Some day I’ll have jewelry, a fur coat, a mink job. I’ll make these square broads look sick. And when my dress sticks out here, it’ll be from the straight poop, my own nice boobies, not phonies.”

“Angry? I guess so. Just sick of it all.”

“Not the life. Here, this lousy place. Tired of getting pushed around, sick and tired. Lousy bitches! You know, the screws. Remind me of some of the lousy, dried-up teachers when I was a kid. You ought be treating them, Doc. Oil them up a bit, loosen them up. But I’ll tell you,

the treatment they need is injections and I don't mean medicine, Doc. But what man would go for one of the uniform stiffness? Like screwing another man. Unless maybe a queer John or a twist or something."

"Twists, fags. Look, to me—zero. I mean, nothing. I got nothing against them. Just they don't dig me, I don't dig them."

"You, like my teachers? Naw. But . . . well, you sitting there, doctor and all that, kind of like school."

"Authority? No, you're okay, Doc. Authority is like the cops, Doc, not you, not like you. What the hell, you, Doc, I mean you're a psych."

"Yeah, trist . . . gist . . . trist, psychiatrist. Thanks for the English lesson, Doc. Psychiatrist."

"I got nothing against Johns."

"Yeah, square, but they pay me, that's that. They want to shove it, let them. Let me tell you: most of them got it and want to shove it. They don't care where, just so long they shove it. They want to pay me, let them shove it. I don't care."

"Yeah, I got to laugh just thinking what saps some of these Johns are."

"Thinking of this here eighteen-year-old kid. A fag. A boy, Doc, used to dress like a girl. Stuck this here vaseline rubber between his legs and would take tricks in hallways. Dumb Johns wouldn't know the diff. Shove it, just shove it, that's all they care."

"Yeah, yeah. Okay. Take it easy. See you, Doc."

“I’m the meat”: enormous self-degradation and contempt. Does she feel that I’m the butcher (dissecting)?

A little more than a month to go and she is becoming increasingly irritable; shades of her early hostility.

She’s certainly protesting the advantages of “the life” over “square” living. Her conflict is producing much anxiety and yet she is not at all prepared for leaving prostitution. She has no values, understanding, or real interests to substitute for prostituting. With future intensive help, she may someday sustain herself on a different level. But would she seek help? Probably not, unless she first became very sick, severely depressed. With her intense self-hate, such depression is possible, but so is suicide.

The association concerning the homosexual boy—Johns will shove it anyplace—this includes into her. More self-contempt externalized to Johns. Deep down, does she see herself like this boy—a shaky sexual identity, a shaky general identity, a synthetic sexual object, a “cash register” rather than a woman?

35. *Thursday*

“Hi, Doc, what gives?”

“With me? Not much, Doc. What could give in this place?”

“Quiet? Yeah, just thinking.”

“Well, you know, a couple of days ago at night I couldn’t sleep. I felt like . . . well, like afraid. Nothing at all to be afraid from, but there I was with this here scared feeling. I fell asleep, must of been three in the morning.”

“Anxiety? I don’t know, Doc. Just seemed like I was scared.”

“I get it, I dig you.”

“Yeah, I dig you, Doc. Anxious. Okay, I was anxious.”

“Afraid? Yeah. Two things, Doc, used to be scared of. Then the two things happened.”

“Knocked up and a dose, Doc, and I got them both. Not now, Doc, but I had them, both of them.”

“No, Doc, not at the same time. Gee, that’s all I’d need—both together.”

“What’s to tell? All the time scared and bang! I get caught both ways. Well, the dose was easy. Went to this Doc for shots. But the scraping, that was no picnic. I told you about it.”

“Oh. Well, it was this here woman, supposed to be a doctor. God, I thought she’d tear my guts out. It was a nice place, but I thought I’d go nuts from its hurting the way it did. Let me tell you, I was sure careful after. I’d bring home the package before I’d go through that again.”

“The package, the package, you know, baby, Doc.”

“Babies? I don’t know. I like kids and all. I like dogs, too. Say, did I tell you about Cha Cha?”

“Mentioned her, yeah.”

“Oh, a French poodle.”

“Ah, she was something, Doc. The greatest! Black, like coal, Doc. She was medium. You know, they come in all sizes. And black and woolly, with her black nose and eyes, all soft and cute. Gee, she really was a cutie. Got so she never left me alone, not a second. Followed me here, there, every move I made. God, she loved me, Doc. She’d sleep with me. That Cha Cha, boy, Doc, you know, we really had it for each other, me and Cha Cha.”

“Well, I bought her. She cost plenty—hundred and a half.”

“No, maybe I was lonely. But mostly like . . . well, like someone buys a car or a ring or something and flashes it around to make them feel like someone. You know, a big shot feeling.”

“Yeah, Cha Cha did the trick, all right. Gee, I walked with her, you know, Doc, I felt real classy like. Sometimes I thought how these here models, Hollywood chicks feel. For a while there I saw me, you know, me, Jenny, like a classy call dame—hundred dollar tricks. Don’t go getting ideas, Doc. I wasn’t going off the deep end. All the time I had the feeling, I knew it was a crock.”

“Well, I know I’m not class. Besides, these here hundred dollar big shot chicks, most of them are just talk.”

“Yeah, I don’t know any of them. They’re around, but only a few, Doc.”

“Oh, Cha Cha? After a while forgot the class. Felt good and all. But mostly felt . . . well, like she and me were . . . well, pals, that’s all.”

“Had to give her up. Got her a good home, though. For a while visited her but felt lousy when I’d leave. Me and she, too. She’d cry.”

“When I’d go down, she’d bark. The neighbors complained. Even called the animal do-gooders once. You know, this animal welfare bunch, this here . . .”

“Yeah, A.S.P.C.A., that’s it.”

“Not only that, Doc, but when I’d be with a John she’d come right up on the bed. I’d lock her up in the bathroom but she’d keep barking. Some of the Johns just couldn’t keep at it. Anyway, Doc, that’s the way it was.”

“Oh, the anxious bit. I don’t know, Doc. Beats me. Maybe lonely.”

“Yeah, Doc, you too. Take it slow.”



Anxiety attack a few nights ago.

Lonely, but I think she is afraid of being even lonelier outside. She will have herself. But if one is contemptuous of oneself, one is not in pleasant company.

How lonely she must have been! All of that emotional investment in her dog, and she gave her up.

Her behavior was not so different from that of conventional society to whom the French poodle has become a status symbol.

36. *Monday*

“How are you, Doc?”

“Okay, all things considered.”

“Well, I mean being here and all.”

“I don’t know, just nothing to say, I guess.”

“Say, Doc, was just thinking: kids. You know, I like kids.”

“Well, nothing to tell. Just that I like kids. Funny, just the other day bitching how scared I am all the time, you know, not to get knocked up and all.”

“Okay, pregnant. So I’ll be fancy and make like a doctor: pregnant.”

“Yeah, like I was saying, scared of being knocked—pregnant. But what the hell. . . . Ah, the hell with it! I’m just gassing cause there’s nothing to talk about.”

“Baby? You kidding, Doc?”

“Oh, I get you. Sure I like kids, but what the hell, like a hole in the head, that’s how I’d ever need one, just like a hole. Ah, the hell with it. What kind of crap we talking about, anyway?”

“Yeah, it gets me sore. It’s just this crazy talk about kids. Say, can you see me with a kid? Me? Just like my old lady. But I’ll tell you, Doc, I ever had a kid I’d never be on horse. The kid would have only top meals all the time and a good place. Doc, let me tell you, I wasn’t a bad kid. I took care of her. Times I put her to bed and you know, Doc, I was kind of nice looking, too. On the cute side. What the hell, Milly wasn’t so bad. I guess she really loved me. Look, Doc, she could of got rid of me, she wanted to.”

“Just thinking. Thinking of Milly. Remember when she died. I was all mixed up, scared, sore, crazy. Ah, the hell with this. I don’t feel like gassing about her.”

“About Mom, Milly. The hell with it.”

“Yeah, used to call her Milly, mostly. Sometimes Ma, Mom. Hell, I don’t know, Doc, she treated me okay. Best she could, I guess. Say, Doc, what the hell, am I going soft or something?”

“Sounds like I’m on this here kick.”

“This here ‘poor Jenny’ crap.”

“It *is* crap, Doc. What the hell, I do okay. Look at the poor kids do worse. Least I got nice looks, stacked okay. Hell, I could be in the nut house, or hooked. I could have a habit a mile wide. I’ll get out of here, I’ll do okay.”

“Okay is okay. I’ll make a buck, have fun. Maybe meet a guy, buy me things. Who knows, maybe Florida. Maybe someone nice. Hell, Doc, I got no worries.”

“What’s this problem stuff, Doc? Look, don’t bug me. I mean, what the hell, talking is okay, but look, Doc. I’m

me, Jenny, that's it. I get my kicks, no complaints, that's how it goes."

"What are you thinking, Doc?"

"What I think you're thinking? Hell, beats me!"

"Hell, I don't know. Sitting there quiet. Say, you're not sitting there feeling sorry for me, are you, Doc? Cause let me tell you, I'm okay, Jack. What I mean, Doc, I don't need any do-good, you know. This here 'pity poor Jenny' crap, I don't need it."

"Oh yeah, projecting. I got to laugh. You maybe got something there."

"Well, you're saying nothing and I'm telling you what you're thinking. Maybe it's really what I'm thinking. But I don't know, Doc, you just look . . . well, like you pity me."

"Hell no, I don't pity me. Like I said, Doc, I'm okay. Say, is it time to hit the road?"

"Good. No offense, Doc, but feel kind of tired of sitting. Be good, Doc. See you."

Δ

Just occurred to me that getting pregnant and an illegal abortion and a venereal infection can be viewed as rather self-destructive, to say the least. Her pregnancy may not have been an accident. In this session she speaks of liking kids.

There's a lot of the "kid" in her. She has indicated that

she liked herself as a child. This may be a partial reason for her liking children and liking the child in her today. Liking herself on any level is important, since it can mitigate a depression.

37. *Thursday*

“Hi, Doc.”

“Just thinking: this here nut kid, real Times Square hop-head.”

“This here kid . . .”

“Times Square, yeah. The old, worn-out bags and screwball kids, always trying the heart of town. Figure rich out-of-town Johns. All they get’s a good dose or a screwball or something. Or busted—cops all over the place.”

“Oh yeah, so this kid Jane, Jane Tulip—figure that for a name, Tulip—anyhow, she’s all hopped up. Figures she got this here great idea: office buildings, garment center lofts, steady tricks up and down the building. What a laugh!”

“Hell, Doc, it’s old as the hills. If the deal is set up, couple of offices, okay. But go pushing for business door to door, get busted like that. Just like that. Ever tell you the barbershop deal?”

“Yeah, once picked up this here barber. Afterwards we got to talking. He had a spare chair, back of the shop. Used to set up tricks. Every Tuesday night. They’d get

their hair cut in the front and knock off a piece in the back."

"Naw, never paid him a nickel. Just took it out in trade whenever he felt like. Was a good deal all around, for me and him. Would've cost him plenty—the guy liked to get his almost every night."

"Yeah, Doc. Now dig this: says he's married, happy and all that noise. But says his trouble is his peter. Too big, he says. With his wife can't make it all the ways, can only get it half in. What a laugh, Doc. Tell you some guys are for the nut train. I met plenty of Johns thinking they're too small and scared they can't do it and all that. Met some brag about being big, too. But this guy, he really fed himself a line of crap. What a lot of jazz. His thing was no diff from anyone else's. And I ought to know, Doc. Cause let me tell you, I ain't exactly no garage. My cash register's just like any other."

"Yeah, got to laugh. The barber, again—real card! One day he gets this here idea, while we're making it. You know these here vibrating machines they put on the guys' heads? You know, for these here massages? Real head-shrinking machines, Doc. Well, he takes this thing and puts in on his butt. Boy, did we shake away. Hardly had to work at all. Nearly vibrated out my teeth. What a card!"

"Don't know. One day he just closes the shop and shoves off. Never saw him again. Lousy part was, never saw the Johns again, also. You see, I was a sap—never give them my address or nothing."

"Well, was just thinking: wasn't a fortune or nothing cause I only charged them a little. You know, the barber-

shop boys. Tell you, sure didn't do no harm to the barber's business. They sure flocked in."

"Oh, anywhere, five to ten or so. You know, Doc, quickies. Just a quick pop. Never even took off my clothes, just had my skirt up. Used to let my boobies out of my blouse, make them come faster. Boy, that there barber chair, he put pillows on it but my back used to still hurt."

"Well, Doc, you wouldn't laugh? I mean, I wouldn't want it to get around."

"Okay, okay, I know you don't talk. Well, remember, Doc, it was all set up and all. Besides, these guys had no real jack, just working stiffs mostly. So, two bucks, Doc, two bucks a shot. Sometimes one would give me an extra buck. One guy, a better dressed one, gave me a fiver once in a while. Remember, Doc, was long ago. Was just a starter, myself, pretty green. Hell, not long after I'd get ten, twenty, sometimes more."

"Well, found out you got to ask, Doc. You got to ask a good price."

"Well, after a while I'd look at some of the other babes. And Lorraine, she straightened me out, too. Well, I got to thinking: the stuff I got's pretty good. So I asked more. And maybe I don't keep getting twenties or thirties, but what the hell, I get tens and at least five a throw."

"Was just thinking."

"Well, how I'm no kid anymore, how good I know the ropes. Imagine the crazy Tulip kid, thinking she's going to tell me a big deal. No one snows Jenny, Doc, no one."

"I know. She didn't mean no harm, Doc. But what the hell, what is it that some of these here people got to make with the snow jobs?"

"What I think? Big shots, Doc, want to make like a wheel. So up with the screwy ideas."

"Me, p'd off? No, Tulip ain't a bad kid. But hell, Doc, she ought to know a pro like me knows the score."

"That's true, Doc, she never did say I don't know the score. But just felt like that, that's all. Say, time to go yet?"

"Take it slow, Doc, slow and easy. See you soon."

Δ

She certainly knows the score about the prostitution business.

Apparently there's much pride invested in the fee a client pays.

The barber, and probably a great many Johns, are rather inadequate and even castrated people.

38. *Monday*

“Hi, Doc.”

“Quiet? I don’t know. Just nothing to say, I guess.”

“What comes is not so easy.”

“Well, I had a dream. Well, hell, I don’t know.”

“I guess so. I guess I am embarrassed.”

“Well, Doc, you see, we weren’t balling or anything . . .”

“You know, we weren’t making it, but you, Doc . . . in my dream . . . well you . . . well, you—you won’t laugh, will you?”

“Okay, okay. Maybe I’m the one laughing at me. Any-way, well . . . well, there we were, like here. And you said, ‘Jenny, I like you.’ And then . . . well . . . you leaned over, and Doc, you kissed me, here—right here on my forehead. You know something, I still feel it, you know, the spot, the kiss, I still feel where you kissed me.”

“This place, this lousy place. Like animals, just like animals in cages, they keep us here. The middle of the city. Look out the window, all the action, people walking here, there. And me, stuck. They wave sometimes. Maybe some of them someday throw us peanuts.”

"Yeah, the roof. The big cage on the roof. If they're going to keep you in a cage, put it somewhere else, put it where you can't see everyone walking and us stuck."

"The dream? Screw it. Crazy, anyway. This place, I can't help it, keep thinking about it. Gee, I look out the window. How I'd like to walk up and down the avenue, look at things. Those bastards, what do they want from us?"

"Just realizing, Doc, this is my last thirty. You know, I'm in the last month. Only three and a half sevens to go."

"Can I go, Doc? Feel jumpy, can I go?"

"Thanks, Doc. See you. Take care of yourself. And Doc, the dream was nice, Doc, was. . . . It was nice, Doc."



Her dream touched me.

Of course it is no surprise that a kiss on the forehead is more meaningful to her than mere sexual contact, which to her is just common business.

She feels close, embarrassed. Externalizes to this place, reminds me that there are only three and a half weeks left, and leaves early.

39. *Thursday*

"Gee, Doc, three weeks! Three more sevens, Doc, and out, busting out! But I'm not going to count, Doc. Last time I counted, last couple of weeks nearly went off my rocker. Christ! I counted every second. Couldn't wait till night so morning would be soon and then again night."

"Strain? I'll say. Gee, the last week couldn't sleep, hardly ate except for my guts. I ate my guts out. By time the last A.M. rolled around, I thought I had a hole in my belly. Got so I ran to the crapper ten times a day. So now I tell myself, take it easy, girl, take it easy. I don't even tell myself three weeks. I act like I just started doing my time, like I don't know it's coming to the finish line."

"Thought about what you said about seeing someone later. Maybe, Doc, maybe. This here talking, I'll kind of miss it. The only good part of this lousy setup. Though I'll tell you, Doc, some of the chicks here, not bad. And you know, there's this here one officer, this one screw on my floor, Miss Santos, she's a good egg, Doc. I got to admit."

"How? I don't know. Just nice, a nice egg."

"I don't know, Doc. Seeing you here's okay. But outside, I don't know, Doc."

“Was just remembering.”

“My mom, Doc, you know, sometimes she wasn’t so bad. I remember . . . gee, must of been a hundred years ago—I must of been five, six, maybe four. We went over the river, you know, a ferry. Somewhere in New Jersey. Gee, it’s like something I remember once in a while. Well, like a regular mom and her kid, her daughter. Seems like a funny word for me.”

“Daughter. Imagine me, a daughter. Anyhow, I remember the ferry and the water. It was a real big trip. And my mother bought me a hot dog off a little stand on the other side, and I think an orangeade. Well, we went to see some people and the next thing they were yelling and then we were on the boat again going home. You know, she kept hugging me close to her, kissing me all the way.”

“Oh, she kissed me, but not like that. That day was different. Like a real feeling of a mom and a daughter.”

“I don’t know, Doc. Maybe relatives or something, I figure. But we never went back.”

“Oh, the mixture: Jew, Wop, and U.N. She told me, and when I look at my pan I think I see the world map, too.”

“Say, Doc, I’m going to take that ride again.”

“The ferry ride, Doc. Soon as I blow this joint I’m going to take it again. You know, I never did take it but I thought about it a million times.”

“Find roots? Hell, Doc, there’s no one. I mean, no one I could look for, cause there ain’t no one.”

"Was just thinking, every once in a while the do-gooders came around, but my old lady was smart. They prove nothing and let me be."

"You know, welfare and those people."

"My mom? Nothing else."

"Gee Doc, sometimes I wonder who my old man was. Hope it wasn't a John."

"Well, a John, you know, that's strictly business. At least a guy. You know, a guy she liked, maybe her guy once."

"Well, Johns are okay, but . . . though . . . I'll tell you, Doc, some of them are nuttier than a fruitcake. You know, always it seems I pull these here talking Johns."

"You know, yap, yap, yap. Some of them even forget what they come for, and pal, they just don't come. Say, maybe the talking makes them feel better. Like I said Doc, you and me—same racket, kind of."

"That's true. Say, you don't think I'm a sap?"

"Well, not *all* Johns are saps. But Doc, why pay for a piece and then just talk? But what the hell, all kinds, takes all kinds to make the ball go round."

"Okay, Doc. Tell the street three weeks—three weeks and Jenny will be around. So long, Doc."

△

She's thinking about her departure from here, and about her mother and her father. Does she see me in the role of mother and father? I think so. Perhaps she will pursue her treatment outside, but this is most uncertain.

40. *Monday*

“Boy, am I ever tired! Feel real beat.”

“Mostly from not sleeping. Thought I could do it, but the count is on. Two and a half weeks, Doc. Seventeen days. One half day less and I can’t hardly think of nothing else. Jumpy, God, I’m jumpy!”

“Gee, Doc, you’re kidding. No fooling, Doc?”

“Gee, that’s sporting of you. What is it going to be, Doc, yellow jacks?”

“Doriden? Never heard of it. But you say so, okay with me. Doriden. What will it do, Doc? Knock me down, give me a boost? How does it score?”

“Help me to sleep? Okay with me, Doc. Suits me.”

“Well, Doc, it’s sporting of you. Really nice, Doc. You know, Doc, I’m sorry. I mean, well . . .”

“About the dex, Doc. The dex and the hard time I give you. You know, seems like years ago. In this place a year seems like a load of years.”

“Well, I’ll hole up with Lorraine a while. She’s going to be here on D-Day. Going to come with some clothes. Christ, going to feel good, real make-up, clothes.”

"Was just thinking. I mean, don't get me wrong, Doc, but . . . well Doc, would you see me, I mean for luck?"

"You know, when I shove off, Doc. Would you just wave to me down the hall?"

"Doc, I'll tell you. I'd like to . . . well . . . you won't laugh, will you?"

"I know you don't, Doc. Well, truth is I'd like you to see me in clothes, in regular clothes."

"Gee, great, Doc. Gee, I can't wait. You're okay, Doc, you're really okay."

"Oh was just thinking how I'll get done up and all. Boy, I'll get them to really sharp me up real nice."

"Yeah, you know, the chicks in the beauty parlor."

"Oh, sure, Doc. Only the line is a million miles long. But when D-Day comes, they jump the girl that's leaving ahead of the whole bunch. I guess so she can hit the street looking nice and all. Anyway, Lorraine is bringing me a bunch of things. Boy, it's going to feel good, Doc. Put on some nice things, get sharped up. Can't wait."

"Gee, I don't know. Go to Lorraine's, I guess. Maybe have a drink, you know, for luck. Funny, Doc, just felt a little shaky sudden-like."

"Afraid to leave? You kidding?"

"Only thing I'm afraid of is another busting. God, I got to watch my step!"

"Thanks again, Doc."

"You know, for the whatsis."

"Doriden. Yeah, Doriden. Hope it buys me a little shut-eye. Take care, Doc."



I could see no contraindication at this point to giving her some medication for sleep. There is nothing to block now and some sleep will help her to be less anxious. Also, a symbol of giving may be supportive now and helpful in motivating her to seek treatment. Am I bribing her, attempting to seduce her into treatment? Possibly. No use pushing, though.

41. *Thursday*

“Two sevens, Doc, two weeks and out onto the big street. No more screws, cells, deadlocks. Say, Doc, thanks for that there Dor . . . you know, the sleep stuff.”

“Yeah, that’s it. Doriden. Was okay. Finally got me some shut-eye.”

“You know, I was thinking of what you said. You know, this stuff about leaving. Hell, Doc, you trying to bug me or something?”

“Well, you know, me afraid of leaving. Strictly crazy, Doc. I mean, no offense, but me afraid? It’s just nuts, Doc, wacked up.”

“Yeah, I got to say so. Nuts. But it kind of stuck in my head. Say Doc, this one and three more times and we’re quits, Doc, you and me.”

“Just thinking. Bet you’ll be glad to see me blow this joint.”

“You know, leave, shove off.”

“What the hell, all this here listening to me bitching away.”

"I don't know. Sometimes, though, I think if I quit bitching I'd bust."

"Say, how come you figure it this way? You know, this 'scared of leaving' bit?"

"Uneasy? Sure. What the hell, like a monkey behind bars and like soon getting the chance to swing in the trees again. Sure I feel jumpy. I'm human, Doc."

"You mean just scared of coming back? Yeah, now I get you. No, Doc, I got it made. Jenny won't be back. Not a chance, Doc, not a chance."

"Sure, sure, if I was out of the life I'd never be back. But cut it, Doc. Hell, you know I'm not going to go making no forty a week. Say, what gives? You turning preacher or something?"

"Reality? Look, Doc, here today—gone tomorrow. That's real, man. Here, now, that's real. And here, now, I got some living to do."

"Yeah, yeah, I appreciate it."

"I know, door always open. But what the hell should I see someone for, Doc? If everything swings for me nice and cool, what for?"

"Thinking. Well, in a way . . . well, I've kind of got used to us, Doc. I mean, these here talks, you and me. Gee, Doc, I just can't sit still. Do you mind I cut it a bit short today?"

"Right, Doc. Tell the street, Jenny's going to hit it soon."

Δ

She is afraid of leaving and looks for reassurance that I like her.

I couldn't resist talking about future help again. This is to no avail, however. She sees this as preaching and is probably right. Either she will or will not be sufficiently motivated.

Left early.

42. *Monday*

“Cold here.”

“Yeah.”

“Nothing.”

“Just thinking. Three to go.”

“You know, three more stops here with you.”

“Stops, visits, whatever you want.”

“Feel, feel? I don’t feel nothing. Look, Doc, I mean, what the hell? Lay off, will you?”

“I mean, what the hell. Here I got just a lousy seven and a half to go; ought to be jumping to the moon. Instead, I feel cruddy, just lousy. Must be going nuts or something.”

“Just dumpy, dumpy as hell. I don’t figure it no how.”

“Build up, let down? I don’t dig you, Doc. Look, Doc, stop bugging me, will you? Lay off.”

“I don’t know, just feel . . . I mean, what do you want I should do? Maybe you want I should stay here or something? Maybe I should get a job cleaning the piss pots around here?”

"Yeah, I'm angry. Goddamn right. I mean, what the hell? What the hell you want, anyway?"

"Me? Just out. Just plain out."

"Look, I got to do some things. I'll see you."

"Yeah, I know. So this time we'll cut it short. I'll see you Thursday."



Depressed; she is afraid of leaving. She's in a dilemma: would like to please me (compliancy), but identifies me with the conventional life and with giving up prostitution, which she probably won't be ready to do until she has undergone years of treatment. Of course, she is frightened of her self-destructiveness and of coming back to jail a fifth time (a stark reality).

She projected her anger at herself to me and will probably feel better.

She left even earlier this time. Is she trying to break away gradually?

43. *Thursday*

“Hi, Doc. Not p’d off, are you, Doc?”

“Well, me leaving like a wild thing. You know, cutting the session like that. And here I’ll only be seeing you again . . . I mean, once more.”

“Making it easier to leave?”

“Leaving gradually? Naw, just . . . I don’t know, just felt like cutting out.”

“Well, okay, I guess. But I don’t dig it. Hell, I even stopped the count.”

“Just can’t dope it out. Why, I ought to be tickled. Instead—understand, I feel better—but still, not high like I ought to. And here, getting set, dolled up, meet Lorraine in the hall. One week and out, Doc, out!”

“Yeah, here, there, feel happy . . . but then bang! I get this here feeling. You know, the wet rag feeling.”

“Hell, Doc, lay off. I’m not scared of nothing. What the hell I got to be scared of?”

“No way out? Out of what?”

“I don’t buy it. Hell with that garbage: ‘emptiness, the life, being busted.’”

“Look, stop beating me down with your ‘hopelessness.’ Look, I had enough of this here do-gooder crap. Enough, you hear me? You, and all the rest of you do-gooders and your lousy crap. Stow it, stow it up your poop.”

“Yeah, I’m leaving, I’m leaving you, this lousy place, and all of this goddamn square crap. And I’ll never come back. I’ll drop dead before I come back.”

“Another session to go? Give it to some other sap. This is it, Doc. Quits. You’re too square, Doc. You know, square, do-gooder square. Keep it. Keep all your do-good square crap!”

“No, I’m not sitting, I’m not listening; I’m shoving. The hell with it all. One week I’m through.”

“Shove the next session. Shove it. Shove it up the warden’s poop!”

“Wait? You’re going to wait? You’ll be waiting a long time, you wait for Jenny. Don’t hold your breath, Doc, cause you’ll choke before you see me again.”

Δ

Another blow up. Have I been too prudish, too “square,” too pushy, trying to accomplish too much in too little time? Maybe, but I don’t think so. This is the only way of motivating some interest in future help.

Hope her pride doesn’t keep her from coming to her last session. She returned the last time. However, this may be the only way she can break off.

44. *Monday*



She didn't return. I'm very disappointed (my own pride involved?) and yet, not surprised. This is apparently the only way she can say good-by. This may be also her way of telling herself that she can stand up to me and all I represent, and get along on her own, outside.

Somehow, though, I had the magical idea that her coming back and our parting on good terms would contribute significantly to her getting more help.

Okay, I'm going to see her off in the hall, as promised.

Wednesday

They both looked very nice, quite chic.

Jenny was all laughs, but much of it seemed forced. She seemed genuinely glad to see me, though. She was apologetic, thanked me, wished me luck, and told me not to take any wooden nickels.

Lorraine is indeed beautiful, but lacks Jenny's aliveness and warmth.

I shall miss her. Perhaps I'll hear from her again, but I hope it won't be because she gets busted!

Summary Note

Jenny's childhood was spent under most deplorable circumstances. She lived in a subculture of inconsistent values, unpredictable trauma, material and emotional deprivation. In addition, this subculture was viewed with abhorrence and hostility by the surrounding "society." It is difficult to imagine a more effective foundry for the forging of insecurity, poor self-esteem, and self-hate. I feel that there was almost no choice involved in Jenny's "choice" of a profession. As she said, "I was born into it." But I feel that her sociopathic acting out may also serve as an outlet for her anger and anxiety, as well as a means of attaining narcissistic gratification. The life she has lived may have been the only means of retaining an identity, a dire necessity to keep her from suffering a psychotic collapse.

A veneer of seductiveness, hardness, cheerfulness, and craftiness does not long mask the accumulated psychiatric lesions of a most pathetic girl. She is anxiety-ridden, depressed, and feels empty to the point of inner deadness. She has very poor self-esteem, considerable self-contempt, and feelings of hopelessness. Her values and goals, such

as they exist, are hazy and confused. She is not a successful psychopath inasmuch as she has not been able to completely anesthetize her conscience. Her conscience is powerful and castigating, and her rebellion against it is incomplete. There is, therefore, considerable self-hate, self-punishment, and the potential for severe depression and self-destruction. I feel that her four imprisonments are largely self-imposed as a punishment and as an off-shoot of her conflict regarding the life she lives. The conflict is not based on new-found moral values. There are probably old (from childhood) feelings of right and wrong. However, the forces of the conflict are multiple. There are: the fear of being too punishing to herself; the fear of old age; the fear of her emptiness. But there is some small measure of self-esteem. She has many assets, e.g., good physical health, good looks, a high I.Q., a sharp sense of humor, considerable resiliency (view her spontaneous recovery from an acute anxiety reaction, several years ago), a good ability to grasp the meaning of psychological phenomena (view her comprehension of the explanation of projection), the ability to be straightforward, to express herself openly, to get angry, to get anxious, and to feel. Added to these are fair motivation and interest in exploring her problems, once she becomes involved in treatment, and the fact that she is not totally resigned to psychopathy. Yes, the very conflict that produces so much chaos is also a sign of health. Another sign is her conscience, which, unlike those of many other inmates here, is far from dead. I should also point out that she does have some moral values: she does not steal nor consciously hurt. Also she retained enough self-esteem so that she refused to entirely deprave herself by involvement in pornographic movies, sadism,

etc. She does not believe in a dual standard (wants her man to be all her own), and does not use the more destructive drugs. Perhaps her greatest asset is her ability to love and to like. I feel that she loved her dog and, to a degree, her mother. This also came through in her feelings toward me, toward Lorraine, and toward some of the men with whom she has lived. I would like to know how this ability to love was generated in her difficult environment. I would also like to know the real source of her conscience. Actually, there is much more that I would like to know, but this would take years of analysis.

Jenny, in many ways, is no different from most neurotic people. For example, she makes use of the usual neurotic defenses (projection, rationalization, compartmentalization, etc.) to handle her anxiety. She demonstrates much expansiveness (striving for jewelry, cars, high-priced "tricks"), and much compliancy (love will solve all). Despite an outer show of detachment, independence, and freedom, she harbors much morbid dependency, and probably is quite dependent on her Johns and on Lorraine. Of course, there is considerable conflict between these unconscious trends.

There is undoubtedly much confusion about men. This comes out in her ambivalence to me and to her Johns. She needs the Johns for money, for esteem, and also for giving vent to her anger via not-so-hidden contempt.

Her feeling about women is not clear, but her "cash register" outlook points to the possibility of poor sexual identity, possible homosexual components, and contempt for the feminine role.

I feel that Jenny is not at all ready to embrace the "square" life. She has no substitute goals or values and must go on prostituting in order to retain her "sanity."

However, with psychoanalytic help, there is much hope. I hope that I have stirred her sufficiently to get such help. But I don't think she is ready. She will probably require a full-blown depression as motivation for resuming treatment. But with her considerable self-hate and castigating conscience, a depression could lead to suicide. I hope not.

Accomplishments: I feel that I have been supportive. She has some new-found insights, but at this time I can't assess their usefulness to her. I hope that if and when she becomes depressed, she will recall our sessions and seek help.

Glossaries

Glossary of “The Life” Terms

all that jazz: everything about the subject at hand.

ape: psychotic.

balling: necking, petting or having sexual intercourse; here, synonymous with having sexual intercourse.

bang: to have sexual intercourse.

belt: to hit or beat.

Big Daddy: pimp or procurer; kept man; here, can also mean sweetheart. Jenny uses “Big Daddy” as a synonym for “Sweet Daddy” and “Big Shot” or “Boss.”

bill: one hundred dollars.

boobies: breasts.

boost: stimulant; stimulation.

box: vagina.

bread: money.

bring home the package: to be pregnant (package: baby).

broad: girl.

bull: usually a policeman; sometimes, a prison officer.

bum check: forged check.

burg: city.

busted: arrested or convicted; here, convicted.

butt: buttocks; cigarette.

buttons: nipples.

call girl: higher-priced, more sophisticated prostitute, usually arranging her business by telephone appointments.

can: jail.

car-hop: to solicit car drivers for prostitution.

cash in: to die.

cash register: vagina.

chick: girl.

circuit: brothel chain in which girls alternately work the different houses.

circus: sexual performance involving more than one participant, usually a small group.

coloreds: Negroes.

come: to ejaculate or to have an orgasm.

con: convict; confidence, as in "con game."

con: to swindle.

con job: swindle, deception.

contract: arrangement made between a corrupt police official and a potential convict.

cookie: person.

cop a plea: to plead guilty to a lesser plea so as to escape the punishment attached to a higher plea, e.g., pleading guilty to manslaughter rather than not guilty to homicide.

crock: phony.

Daddy-o: pimp or kept man.

D-Day: prison discharge day.

deadlock: to punish in prison by confining the prisoner to his cell.

dex: stimulant, usually Dexedrine (amphetamine).

dig: understand.

dip: pickpocket.

do-gooder: conventional person, particularly welfare or social worker; generally, person trying to conventionalize those in "the life."

do time: to serve a prison sentence, i.e., to spend time in prison.

dose: venereal disease, usually gonorrhea.

down in the mouth: depressed.

drag: influence.

dumper: sexual sadist.

dyke: female homosexual.

eat (somebody): to give (somebody) oral genital stimulation.

fag: homosexual male.

finish line: prison discharge day.

fix: contract or deal; single narcotic shot, usually heroin but sometimes morphine or Demerol.

French pictures: pornography.

'good' time: time taken off a court sentence as a result of good behavior.

H: heroin.

habit: drug addiction.

half and half: sexual activity divided into two phases: fellatio followed by sexual intercourse.

hand job: stimulation of the genitals using the hand.

hit the street: to get out of jail; to start prostituting.

hold-up: robbery.

hold up: to rob.

hop-head: drug addict; crazy person; stupid person.

hop on the nut wagon: to become psychotic.

horse: heroin.

husband: aggressive member of a female homosexual relationship; sometimes in prison a husband will have a "stable of chicks."

hustle: to prostitute or to look for clients for purposes of prostitution.

hustler: prostitute.

hypo: syringe and needle, or substitute injection apparatus; injection; sometimes, a drug addict.

infraction board: board of officers determining innocence or guilt, and meting out punishment for prison offenses.

jack: money.

jag: drug habit.

John: prostitute's client.

joint: a marijuana cigarette.

jolt: kick, excitement, stimulation, fun.

junk: drugs, usually narcotics.

junkie: a drug addict.

kick: a binge, e.g., "to be on a kick."

kick: to break the drug habit, e.g., kick 'H': to get off heroin; to complain.

kick off: to die.

kicks: fun, a good time; excitement.

knock down: to sedate.

knock off a piece: to have sexual intercourse.

knocked up: pregnant.

kosher: acceptable, all right.

lace into: to attack or punish, either physically or verbally.

large habit: addiction to large quantities of a given drug.

the life: prostitution and its companion culture.

main-line: vein.

mainline: to inject narcotic (usually heroin) directly into the vein.

make it: to have an affair; to have sexual intercourse.

maracas: breasts.

mass lay: orgy.

merchandise: body.

mishuga: psychotic.

money machine: vagina.

nag: horse.

no dice: no!; nothing doing; it won't work.

no soap: no!

nod: to show the effect of heroin or morphine—the user is half awake and bobs his head up and down in a nodding motion.

nut wagon: state of being psychotic.

nutty: psychotic.

operate: to engage in economic activity of an illegitimate nature.

partouse: orgy.

party: good time; sexual experience or sexual performance involving several participants.

p'd off: angry.

pen: prison or penitentiary.

pen indef: indefinite sentence in a penitentiary, i.e., up to three years of jail.

peter: penis.

phonyville: phony, untrue.

piece: girl; act of sexual intercourse; sometimes, a gun.

pinch: to arrest.

pipe dream: to fantasize (as when under the influence of opium).

pissed off: angry.

pop one's nuts: to have an ejaculation.

possession: possession of syringe, needle, or substitute; also, conviction for such possession.

pot: marijuana.

pro: prostitute.

pross: prostitute.

pross: to prostitute.

psycho: psychotic.

pusher: supplier of narcotics to drug addicts.

puss: face.

put down: to derogate.

put on the screws: to pressure.

queer: homosexual.

rap: accusation or conviction.

ride: to have sexual intercourse.

ride horse: to be under the influence of heroin.

roll: to steal, usually from a client while he is asleep after intercourse.

rub club: dance halls where close body contact is used to achieve ejaculation.

scrape job: abortion.

screw: prison officer.

screw: to have sexual intercourse.

a seven: week.

shack up: to live together as unmarried sexual partners.

shitlist: blacklist.

shoot off: to talk or yell.

shut-eye: sleep.

shyster: crooked lawyer.

skin pop: to inject a narcotic, usually heroin and sometimes morphine or Demerol, subcutaneously.

sling hash: to wait on tables; to cook.

sling out hash: to exaggerate or to lie.

slot: vagina.

snatch: vagina.

sniff: to take a powdered drug (cocaine or heroin) by inhalation.

snow: cocaine.

snow: to deceive; to exaggerate or enhance a story.

snow job: deception of somebody, pulling the wool over his eyes.

specialty: way of achieving sexual culmination by means other than intercourse.

square: here, a person out of "the life," or a person who earns his living by conventional and legitimate means; opposite of "hip," "hep," or "beat."

stable: group, usually of girls working for one procurer or pimp.

stacked: having an attractive figure or a prominent bosom.

steady: prostitute's client who uses her services regularly.

stewed: drunk.

stick-up: robbery.

stick up: to rob.

stir: prison or imprisonment.

straight: here, nonperverted sex act; also, heterosexual.

stud: female homosexual, usually refers to a masculine-looking, aggressive, homosexual woman.

stuff: material; the genuine article; drugs.

Sweet Daddy: pimp or kept man.

thing: penis.

tit: breasts.

trick: act of intercourse.

turn a trick: to get a client; to complete a single sexual act.

turn on: to smoke marijuana.

turn on the freeze: to act coolly and with disdain.

twist: peculiar person or psychotic; person who engages in sexual perversions.

up the river: in prison, usually the state penitentiary.

up the stream: in prison, usually the state penitentiary.

weed: marijuana.

wheel: important person.

yapper: mouth.

yellow jack: Nembutal or some other sedative or hypnotic; Seconal is sometimes called a red devil.

Glossary of Psychiatric Terms

abreact: here, to ventilate emotionally, i.e., to feel and to express the feeling about the question at hand.

act out: to act impulsively, often as the result of poor impulse control, poor judgment, and sociopathic tendencies.

affect: emotion, mood, or feeling tone.

affective display: manifestation of emotional expression.

alienation: here, removal from one's real self and feelings.*

ambivalence: experience of emotional opposites simultaneously.

anxiety: fear without apparent cause but often the result of unconscious conflict, repressed anger, or rebellion against one's conscience. Anxiety may be experienced differently by different people (palpitations, sweat, insomnia, bizarre thoughts, feeling of tension and discomfort, etc.).

anxiety reaction: an acute or chronic condition in which an individual is extremely anxious, often to the point of incapacitation; in addition to the usual characteristics of anxiety, there may also be phobic manifestations.

castrated: here, feeling symbolically castrated, i.e., grossly inadequate sexually and otherwise.

* For fuller explanation, see:

Horney, Karen: *Our Inner Conflicts*. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1945.

_____: *Neurosis and Human Growth*, W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1950.

compartmentalize: to keep thoughts, feelings, and attitudes in different psychic compartments so as to prevent conflict and anxiety.

compliancy: a compulsive trend to yield to the wishes of others for the purpose of being liked; self-effacement.*

conflict: the opposition between two divergent forces, often existing on a partially or totally unconscious level.

conscience: here, neurotic inner coercion; "shoulds" or "should nots"; superego.

counter-transference: a psychiatric process in which the therapist's repressed attitudes, feelings, etc., are transferred to the patient.

defend: here, to protect oneself against anxiety.

detachment: here, emotional distance from others.*

displace: to remove one's feeling or emotion from its actual object or person to one which is more acceptable to the individual.

Doriden: brand name of a sleeping pill.

exhibitionism: compulsive or intentional exposure.

expansiveness: a compulsive trend to be perfect, arrogant, powerful, and narcissistic, etc.*

fellatio: oral genital stimulation.

fragile: unable to tolerate great anxiety.

free association: an uncensored thought, idea, or string of ideas that makes itself conscious, either in association with another thought, or in seeming isolation.

frustration tolerance: the ability to accept and withstand frustration.

* For fuller explanation, see:

Horney, Karen: *Our Inner Conflicts*. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1945.

_____: *Neurosis and Human Growth*, W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1950.

norbid dependency: extreme emotional dependency on others, of which the individual is often unaware.*

motivation: here, the degree of desire for help in examining and solving one's problems.

narcissism: here, unrealistic self-glorification.*

neurotic: having psychological difficulties which produce impairment of function but in which the individual retains his ability to discern reality.

phobia: an excessive fear, unconsciously determined and not based on logic.

project: to unconsciously experience one's own attitudes, feelings, and emotions as coming from another source (object or person).

psychopath: person displaying aberrations in conscience formation, resulting in antisocial behavior and acting out; syn., sociopath, person with character disorder, person with personality disorder.

psychosis: severe psychological malfunction resulting in a loss of ability to discern the real from the fantastic.

rationalize: to use reason or logic to account for a feeling, opinion, attitude, etc., which has little or nothing to do with the origin of the feeling, opinion, or attitude.

reality testing: process of distinguishing the real from the fantastic.

repression: the unconscious suppression or holding back from consciousness of an unwanted feeling, attitude, characteristic, etc.

* For fuller explanation, see:

Horney, Karen: *Our Inner Conflicts*. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1945.

_____: *Neurosis and Human Growth*, W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1950.

self-effacement: *see* compliancy.

sociopath: *see* psychopath.

supportive therapy: here, effort on the part of the therapist to make the patient more comfortable.

transference: process in which the patient transfers his own feelings and attitudes toward people to the therapist. This is especially true of feelings toward parents.

ventilate: to express one's ideas, especially about problems, feelings, and attitudes.

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